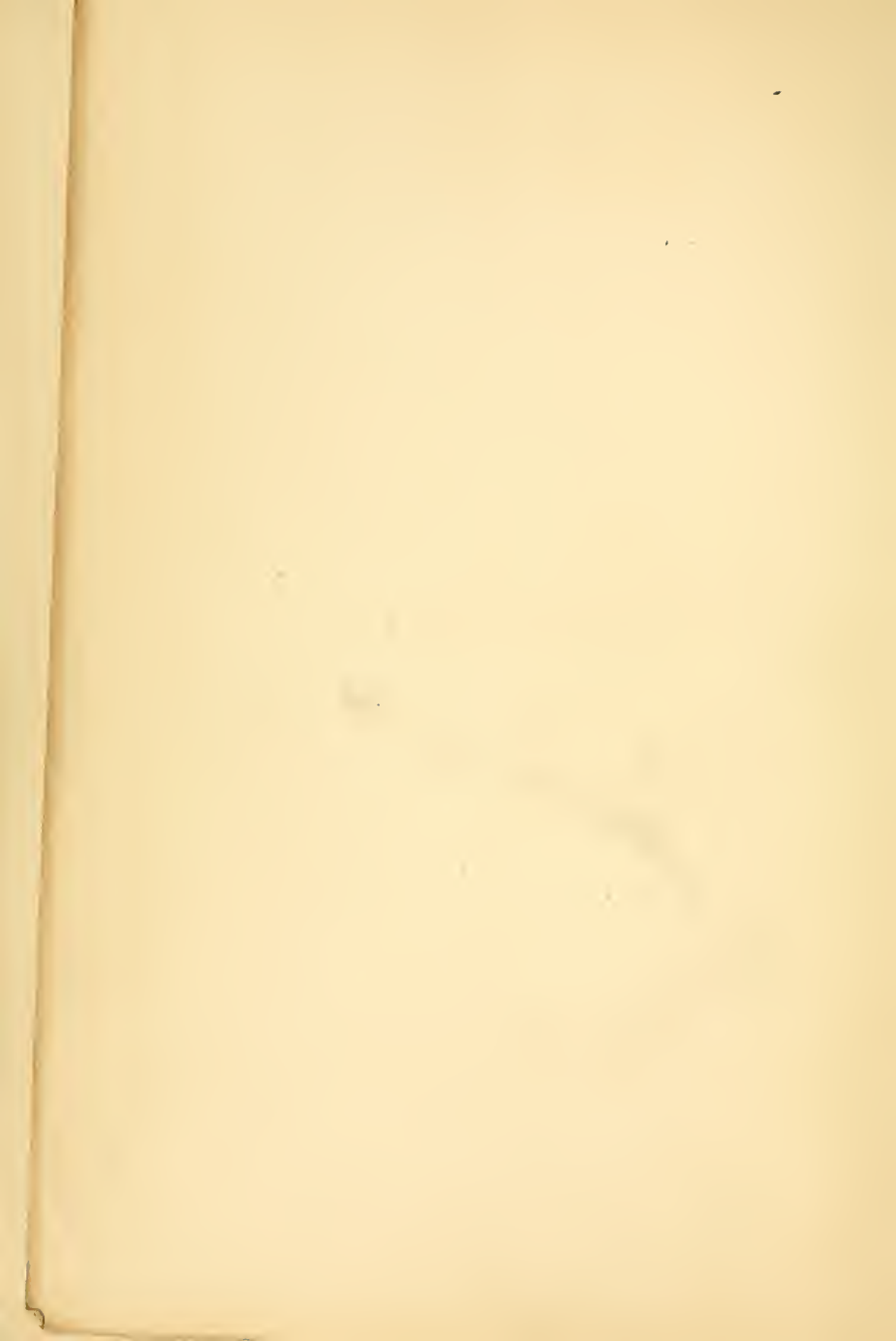


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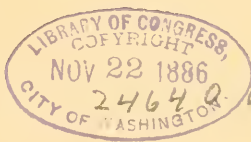
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DEDICATION

This book is inscribed to

LOUISA LEE WARE

AND

MARY HARRIET WARE,

in witness of a quarter-century of inspiring friendship.

"Fructus amicitiae magnæ cibus."

OF CHOICE

CHOICE is good old English, with a root in the Saxon; but in the act it involves the Latin *Sacrifice*, which means to make something holy by offering it in worship; or, perhaps, to do something sacred—it being thought in primitive religion that nothing more holy can be done than to give or forego something for devotion. Choice and sacrifice go in one, and the philosophy of either is the statement of our circumscription. The simple principle is “that as we can not have everything, we must give up some things for the sake of having others.” Choice, therefore, is the test and measure of us; for whoso can not have everything must needs pitch his choice, and he will pitch it as his nature is, high or low; wherefore choice becomes the vernier of our lives. Or better, perhaps, if I call it a double register, in two parts, the one following the other to divide more nicely still what the first already has measured. For our choices take our dimensions in two ways: First, By the kind of them. We may select paltry and showy things, ease, pleasures which have no mind in them, cheap influence with our fellows. Whether there be baseness in this, or whether, as the Stoics would have it, it be only such a savage ignorance as would choose a glass bead before a book, the reckoning is the same as to coarse grain in character; and they who publish this measure

of themselves do, indeed, like heavy-bearded cowards, assume but "nature's excrement" to make themselves respected. If we set our choice so high that perforce the low must be left, so high as beauty, generosity, strength of mind, stores of knowledge, memories of the hungry fed, the forsaken cheered, the fallen lifted, humane works watched and re-enforced—it is no more than to elect the things which mark us as men.

Secondly, Our choices grade us by our energy in them. Small difference, whether we call the good bad, or follow it with so faint heart as gives excellence no praise; as a man often shows of a maid that he acknowledges her goodness every way, yet loves her not. This is but a mean and scanty following of a good election—wherein plainly lies one cause of the power of the bad; for the bad follow their selfish objects with great energy of choice, while the common good people move for the higher things but feebly. I have read that the poet Thomson, who was indolent, was found in his garden nibbling a pear that hung to a bough, being too lazy to take his hands from his pockets to pluck the fruit. If he made choice of the pear, it was choice in such a fashion of weakness as gave him neither fruit nor credit—the like of many moral elections in the world. The wise Joseph Allen says of the Albigenses that they were "like those of all time whose pietistic zeal is touched with communistic fervor, capable of the intensest enthusiasm and self-devotion." Is not this because, all wealth being sunk in the common fund, each man may be devoted to the higher ends undistracted? But

better still if each who owns and handles his own work-fruits, be, as he may be, zealous in like manner to apply himself and his material to the things which his soul chooses when he is clad in his right mind. Nothing so fatal as to think that without a firm election of the best, we can cozen Nature of good things; for this makes us not only the sport of events, but worse, pursuers of the lower objects of life, because these seem to cost the least. It is momentous and strange (or rather, it would be strange, if we knew not in what disciplines and costs Nature wraps virtue), that overthrows of the higher self, of the thinking part, of the heart's solemnities—choices which at last leave us stranded hulks on life's lea—in the beginning seem not painful sacrifices, more often only postponements while we go after other things—to return never.

It is a factor of energetic choice to understand that it is a choice, and that some things are put aside for better things; ay, and a noble factor, for many choose with a secret hope and contrivance yet to possess all, not seeing the repugnant elements in the chemistry of moral qualities which no cunning can combine. To choose nobly and strongly is to judge at first and heedfully what is signified, and then having made choice, to go on therewith in equable and forecast quietude—as the poet clung to his song, which, he said, “found him poor at first and kept him so.” For want of this reflection, continually and ignobly men grumble because they lack what they have not paid for, and will not; or else they whimper at not keeping what they have expended while they possess

what they bought therewith—as a pig roots at his emptied trough, not with felicitation for his meal, but with rage that he has it not yet to eat.

Sacrifice carries a peculiar reward which is worthy of reflection. There is a law of reaction by which sacrifice raises the values obtained by it; and this in proportion to the greatness of the sacrifice. First we pay the cost for love of the object, and then the great cost makes love more. A beautiful law of mind, a wonderful requital! If so much we prize anything that we will suffer for it, bear toiling days, watching nights, waiting, anxiety, hope deferred, men's scorn or pity or anger, one would think such valuation enough and attainment an ample reward. But what recompense so great as the object grown dearer and better in our eyes than from afar we thought, and worth more even than we embraced pain to pay? Yet so it fares with a purchase by costly and noble sacrifice. This is a law of mind on which well we may linger and behold with a certain awe the increase of the strength of the strong, of the joy of the joyful.

OF FACULTY

“THE first shall be last and the last shall be first,” or, as otherwise it is expressed elsewhere, “If any man would be first, he shall be last of all.” Spoke Jesus any other so great reflection on human wit as this? For it is a sign of little wit to reverence wit inordinately, or the place and praise of it. La Roche-

foucauld has said, "The height of ability consists in knowing well the real value of things." Now, one of these things to be valued is the ability or wit itself; and if this be valued too much, the over-prizing is underwitted. One of the signs of faculty is that faculty itself be not estimated unduly, but given its own place and no more.

La Rochefoucauld remarks also that "Everybody speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head." But again he says, "Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment." But why are we both unwilling to depreciate our judgment, and yet afraid to praise it? This double fact shows the truth. If we were afraid only to praise our intelligence, it might be because mental power was ranked so low that we wished not to seem to value what, by common consent, was disregarded. If, on the other hand, we were unwilling only to depreciate our intelligence, it might be because talent was ranked high by common consent. But if equally we are unwilling to praise it and to depreciate it, this must be because wit is ranked so very high that no one is willing to confess himself deficient in it, and yet no one dares pretend to it. Or express it thus: No one will confess inability because he admits it not even to himself; and no one will claim ability because he is afraid others will not admit it.

There is great general admiration for smartness, brightness,—parts, as they have been called immemorially. But I like not parts, but wholeness. Why

should wit be ranked so high? Why should intellectual keenness be such a Cæsar? Why, especially, should it keep all the rest "in servile fearfulness"? Why, also, should we think it modest and proper to praise our hearts, saying that we are constant, faithful, loving, true; but on the other hand, presumptuous and intolerable to praise our heads, as to say that we are sagacious, capable, talented? If there be anything in the common opinion which, however brightness may receive social homage, nevertheless is unalterable in human nature, that moral stability is finer than intellectual power, then it is saying a deal more to profess a grand heart than to claim a great mind. Yet we do the one without shame; we are overpowered if charged with the other. Probably one reason of this is very honorable to human nature. For as the greatest things are the most common, so wide, noble and loving hearts are common on every side compared to the mere flashing of wit; wherefore it seems no shame to rank ourselves in a brotherhood of excellence which is so wide.

I weary of smartness and of adulation of it. It is but a flare of gas, which, against the peace and quiet of common sunshine, is crimson and smoke. Think of the things which excite often little attention, and yet are as much nobler than brightness as the heavens are large to contain the earth. Breadth and sympathy, patience, which is appreciation of the value of things, reverence, which is appreciation of the value of other people, humility, which is a broad intelligence applied to oneself, and love, whether in the

form of divine serviceableness which embraces humanity, or in that concentration which from individual devotion draws strength and bliss—these are the glories of character. There is a genius for loving. For aught I see, it is as admirable as a genius for poetry, or music, or sculpture, or science; and men would bow to it even more than to those shining qualities, but that it is as common as the stars, being as heavenly. Emerson has this passage in his *Essay of Civilization*:

“When I see how much each virtuous and gifted person, whom all men consider, lives affectionately with scores of excellent people who are not known far from home, and perhaps with great reason reckons these people his superiors in virtue and in the symmetry and force of their qualities, I see what cubic values America has, and in these a better certificate of civilization than great cities or enormous wealth.”

Smartness goes with shallowness. For, first, it shows an eminent trait thereof, namely, “plentiful lack” of perception of superiority and of deference to it, whether of age or attainment; and, secondly, real strength always carries too much to move briskly. This Galton remarks in a curious way, in describing his experiments in *Psychometry*. He says:

“I found the purely verbal associations to contrast forcibly in their rapid mechanical precision with the tardy and imperfect elaboration of highly generalized ideas; the former depending on an elementary action of the brain, the latter on an exceedingly complicated one. It was easy to infer from this the near alliance between smartness and shallowness.”

Sometimes wit revels in a cruel scorn of the slow, and many esteem themselves much who yet find little

in others. But this is lurking poverty, that is, over-estimation of property. For if we undervalue others because they are not witty, we shall be likely to over-value ourselves for the wit to see witlessness. But this shows only that we compare not ourselves with the great things which would assign us our true and lowly place, but think to raise ourselves by comparison with small things, which only distort and exaggerate our worth. And by this again we shall be withheld from learning, since we shall think we have already wit enough. Wisely says La Rochefoucauld, "Sometimes there is no less faculty in knowing how to profit by good advice than in being able to direct ourselves well." The like has been handed down to us from the ancients: "To adopt the good counsel of another seemed to Zeno a proof of greater virtue than originally to conceive what is just and right." In fine, to put first things first, this is the crown of intelligence; but no one will wear the crown to whom wit is the first excellence of creation.

Be it said continually, until all men learn, that wit is not wisdom or beauty; for there are many things in the human mind besides faculty, and wise comeliness is harmony within oneself. Says Aurelius:

"Short lived are both the praiser and the praised, and the rememberer and the remembered: and all this in a nook of this part of the world; and not even here do all agree, no not any one with himself: and the whole earth, too, is a point."

How little matter it is that I be praised for wit, or find another to plume my head-feathers which my own boasts of mouth cannot reach; but how great a

matter that I be found loving, faithful, benevolent, and that I dress these, my wing-plumes; for these are the qualities by which we are supported in the sky.

OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

THE question of education at public expense is two-fold: first, a question of justice; secondly, of expediency; which points arise in all public matters. Plainly, expediency hangs on results and is determined thereby; but justice turns on where the burden of the cost may lie rightfully; for cost there must be, and that a heavy one. Now, both on score of expediency and on score of justice have arisen against public education many murmurs, which, though louder, happily as I think, in the past, still, unhappily, not yet have died away nor lost themselves in wisdom. For many assert, and with that boldness which always is the lackey of interest and calculation, that public education has done many harms in the country, and that, whether doing well or ill, it is an unjust burden on those who must pay for it. A circular of our bureau of education at Washington, for the year 1881, has set forth the complaints of those parts of the population which like not to have the whole nation educate the children thereof. On score of expediency come reproaches from the aristocracy (so it is called) of caste, which sticks not at saying that the great "majority of mankind are born to serve the few," and that surely the "less intelligent the servant, the more docile the service;" wherefore, they say, "edu-

cation unfits the children of toil for their lot in life," and so is inexpedient on all hands, being unthrifty for the master and uncomfortable for the servant, and thus on both accounts unwholesome for the community. By this same reason, that it is inexpedient, an aristocracy (so it is called) of culture, averring that men for the most part are born dull, and that pains to till the poor soil reaps little harvest, resolve thereupon that they, "who have good wits," must do the world's thinking, and so must seize the knowledge whereby to think; and that the right of education is theirs alone who can use it; wherefore, it is but waste to expend the advantage on the common stock. Thus these aristocracies plead on score of expediency. Now on score of justice there is an aristocracy (so it is called) of wealth which speaks full as loudly for its own part, saying that public education is an unjust tax on capital from two points. For first, if a man be made wiser or more learned, instantly his wants are greater; for he cannot live so near the brute's way as before. Then must his wages be increased, whereas ignorant laborers want as little as their knowledge is little, and so are content with small pay. This is one burden against which amassed wealth cries out as injustice; and the second is this, that it is tyranny for the state to tax one person to educate the children of another. "The brats," says one, "are none of my getting nor of my approving; who may tax me for them, or why may the state adopt them for wards at my expense?"

Now, to these arguments of classes that either enjoy privileges or hold the power of money, there is

a counter claim which thus may be put: That education is a debt which capital, or the possessor of the same, owes to the needs of the whole; or that, as I have heard it stated generously by a merchant: "The money of the country must educate the children of the country, whose the money may be soever, or whose the children."

These opposite claims I will consider from the two points which pertain to all public matters, as I have said, justice and expediency.

First, as to justice: Of this I can say little in this place, not because there is little to say, but so much. For indeed it is an immense subject, fit for a great volume if one enter on it; and also a hard subject, for the books which have treated of it agree not together, and there is yet much to be learned as to the facts and much to be reasoned from them before we shall know where justice lies, either in the making of wealth or in the distribution of it, or in public claims on it. But one thing is plain on this point—which is all that, for my purpose herein, I need say—namely, that power and justice are not always at one. In the perfect state which Emerson has described:

"When the state house is the hearth,
When the church is private worth,
Then the perfect state is come,
The republican at home,"

in this perfect state, I say (in which, I am sure, the sage means not to set off a man into individualism apart from the whole, but only as it were to place him at home in law: that is, obedient to the true law of

nature within him), plainly power and justice always would be the same and arise together. But in the savage state evidently force rules, and justice must wait long for the throne. Now, between the civil flower of the state and the savage root thereof there are all degrees of budding and blossoming, in which justice and power will mingle unequally, and often struggle with each other, before they come to holy completion. Wherefore, if any one have power over wealth now, it follows not that it is a just or right power unless this be the perfect state, which plainly it is not, being full of abuses and endless in miseries; whence it follows, I say, that he who wields wealth in fact, not always does so rightfully and in justice; that is, perhaps he owns it not in equity, and surely not for his own uses altogether.

Secondly, as to expediency: Whether there be claim or not on wealth; that is, whether justice allow (nay indeed, require, I may say) that capital be charged with public education, still it is prudent so to charge it; and this I think can meet with little disagreement, if it be considered wisely, without the clang and clamor of selfishness. Prudently, if we can not chain a strong creature, then tame him. What plainer now than that the people can not be chained, or what lesson has history more enforced, or more times over, than that the people will burst forth, shattering their prisons and breaking their chains, as in France, in England, in Italy and where not where tyranny has lived both harshly and long? And moreover, if they themselves, the people, rend not their own chains,

still some of the educated, the prosperous, the privileged, think for them, loving them better than their own fortunes, and incite and lead them to struggles for liberty, and fill them with the breath thereof, as was the case with the slaves in our own country. What thrives without law and order? Surely not the riches of the rich. Is anything safe but in peace and quiet? No. But this peace must be either of power, as by chains and despotism; or of law and nature, which is the blessed peace that civilization makes, taming ferocity, and lifting men into the divine semblance. Therefore, public education is prudence—the only prudence, indeed. To this testified an English statesman when the people had enforced their claim to utter themselves at the polls; for he said: “Now we must educate our masters.” And in like manner Lowell says: “It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads.”

So far of justice and of prudence touching public education. But I place a third point; for though commonly the just and the prudent ways be thought all for public matters, I dare to hope and indeed to think that besides there is the loving way, and that this belongs in public affairs as in private. For why is selfishness the better for being magnified? And why, if a brother be odious who thinks only of himself against his brother, is a citizen to be commended who has no love in his heart for the many that make

the state? Wherever any privilege grows rich, with whatever advantage or pleasure, there gathers a greedy kin of selfishness; and if this be not matched by the heart, I know not what else has power to help reason cope with it, and bring it to disrepute. For if the heart work not on the reason, it is certain that pride will, and interest too, both of which are great blindfolders. And of all privileges, I have seen none more selfish and more prone to forget what is owed to the world, than the privilege of high culture and of much-instructed intelligence; for such a mind has so inclosed itself very often with the hangings of refinement, of delicacy, of beauty, that it will not walk in the rough world, even to do it good.

Now the secret of the loving way in this matter is this: that as a wide mind and large intelligence shows itself by understanding through imagination what it shares not in experience (this being, indeed, the poet's "faculty divine"), so a wide and large heart proves itself so when it embraces another man's needs which itself feels not, or but little, quickly gathers from the wide world emotions of tenderness which either its own experience supplies not or which go far beyond, and collects the whole into the focus of its heat. And who values not a large heart? Or when was it not called grand? Such is his heart who, having no children, is kindled to educate children.

Wherefore public education, I must think, will flourish perfectly wherever the wealth-holders have good mind, good conscience, good heart. For, if intelligent, they will discern prudence soon and justice

at last. If moral, they will feel both to be incumbent. If loving, they will crown all with generosity.

OF HAPPINESS AND TIME

THE demand of Time on Happiness is two-fold: first, that we shall take all the present moment holds for us; secondly, that we shall fill the moment as full as we can out of ourselves, and dignify it; for this is a payment without which we can take nothing.

As to the first point, plainly the present moment is the dwelling of happiness; but this is because it is creator of past and future, and never leaves care of either. We hold the past by the reproduction of memory. We summon the future by the forecast of imagination: without which powers and their present exercise, what joy? For the present is but a breath, a feeling, an instant, an atom, a mote, here and gone. If it were all we could enjoy, we should be simply like passing bursts of strength or like bubbling sensations each dying in the next, as perhaps we may conceive some creatures to be who have no memory. But the forecasting of the future depends on memory, since all that is to be grows out of what has been. Therefore, memory is the storehouse of zest; and happiness, though it draws from the future because hope and imagination are blissful, yet more exercises itself in filling up the present from the past; for this is to live our lives all at once and to combine past pleasures into one whole of delight, which is the very

nobility and humanity of enjoyment. Hence, the value of a rich past, to be lived over again by communion with happy memories, crowded with thoughts great as heaven, and especially with growth; for this is most absorbing and interesting always. All of these may be compacted into a very brief space, so that some great year, or two or three perhaps, may hold riches for a lifetime, and pour their wealth into the lap of the present perpetually. But, if the enjoyment of the present springs so much from the past, so do the riches of the future depend on the wealth of the present; for, if the present be not rich going by, how can the future be rich when it arrives? The future is the riches of the present gathered in a mass of power. To glean all possible worth, therefore, from the things that pass along, whatever they be, to see the divinity in them, to seize on the great side of them, if they be little,—that is, on their relationship to the great,—and to drain the pleasure of little things,—if only, perhaps, a draught of cold water on a dusty day, with a sense of gratitude therewith,—this is wisdom, if one wish to be blest.

Aurelius advises “to enjoy life by joining one good thing to another, so as not to leave even the smallest interval between;” and again, “Thy present opinion founded on understanding, and thy present conduct directed to social good and thy present disposition of contentment with everything that happens—that is enough.” ’Tis common remark that health glows with a beautiful flush to him who rises from a sick bed, but soon it grows a common drudge.

The poet Gray has spoken this beautifully :

“See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common Sun, the air, the skies,
To him, are opening Paradise.”

Yet these things are there, shining, without the previous “bed of pain;” but Pain is a surgeon who operates famously right and left for blindness. We cannot always have mighty things attending us, but always the small signify much. There is much, moreover, in choice,—to choose the best. For one can not master all the things that sweep by him, great and small. But what if the best are poor, cramped, narrow, difficult? Then to know them where they touch Nature’s divine intention is our resource.

This filling up the present for happiness, both by fine choice and by devout sense, touches the fountain of love. It is especially the enjoyment of friends; and lovers are to be counseled to do and think great things together. For what is love worth that draws only a baggage of little things, or that is a passage of sensations? If it shall live, the present must be rich in things fit to live. On these alone the future of love can feed. If as much as possible is got from our conditions, this is a greatness in itself, which will be strong in the future to knit the lives and hearts of the twain that wrestled in company. If both grow, they will grow together. If only one grow, they will be

wrenched apart. If neither grow, they will fall asunder by decay.

I come to the second point, which is that not only we must drain the wholesome cup, but that there will be none if we help not to put in the balm: I mean, we must beautify the instant. This is both a secret and a result of patience. We are impatient because intent on leading the present up to something else, leaping over time, to reach a coming thing. There will be hindrances, and we become restive. But if we are intent only on the present function to be performed, which in doing is to be beautified, all things will profit us, all conditions go well with us. Is it good painting if an artist leap over due progress and proper order, to arrive at some great figure or eminent part of the picture?

Emerson names beautiful behavior the finest of the fine arts; but good conduct is intensely busy with beautifying the instant. For manners that ignore the moment for the future are selfish and absent. Every occasion has its absolute rights—the morning, the meal-time, the work-time, the evening, the social-time. If each have its due, life is artist-work. It has then the poise, order and beauty that mark a good machine, being comely in proportion, appropriate in color and harmonious in action. And if we do the present act well and take care of its special intent, not leaping to coming things, when those things arrive they fall into order; for then they have their proper place and must perforce fall into it, because other things have had their due place before.

But what if the present moment be hard, sad, painful? Then we have opportunity not to complain. There will be some bright thing. Fasten on that. If none, then this, that it might be worse. Fasten on that. If it seem the worst possible from the outside, there is still this, that we may make it worse by our own way of taking it in the soul.

It is a right reflection that if a man is full of the present moment to glorify it, he is with eternity and infinity; for he has all there is. Schefer has written:

“Things great and good and beautiful and brave,
Are done, each one of them, beyond all time,
And he who feels himself apart from time
Feels himself quite beyond the reach of power;
This only makes man free and glorious.”

And Richter says:—

“If the *minute* pointer be no road pointer with an Eden for thy soul, the *month* pointer still less will be so; for thou livest not from month to month, but from second to second. Enjoy thy existence more than thy manner of existence, and let the dearest object of thy consciousness be this consciousness itself.”

If we have this devotion to beautify the instant, it is a great point that we shall avoid hurry. This is to grow ripe beautifully. Is not one reason why so many greatest works are done late in life, that the authors have been busy gathering power by beautifying the instant? Surely waiting is a great point in living. We shall wait often and long, if we be wise; for we can not force things if they belong not to us by nature, nor can they be withheld if they be ours. But we

can not snatch them, however they belong to us. Now it is easy to wait if we take the instant as something to be beautified, that is, used to its full scope of beauty and its full span of power. It is hard to wait if we are scaling the moment to seize the future violently before it comes to hand. The perversity of materials and circumstances is a common remark. But they only seem hostile because we are trying to leap over them to something else, and they stand in the way, or are too high for the leap. But this should mean to us that we are not to leap, but to occupy ourselves with evoking the beautiful from the heap before us, or in stirring our own souls into it that the compound may be beautiful.

OF VAINGLORY

It is difficult to judge of vanity or vainglory, how far it is blameworthy; for perhaps if any one knew he was vain, then he would not be so. A philosopher said that if a man should suddenly believe he was moral, he would be moral. But the strength of morality is in this, that no one can believe he is doing well if his intention be ill. So, perhaps, it is impossible that one should be vainglorious if he knew that he was so. Therefore it is difficult to judge of one's self as to whether one be puffed up or not. But, contrariwise, is it not a sign of conscious complacency lurking in ourselves, to suspect or accuse others of being flushed? If we be not acquainted with vanity, how

should we know it so readily, and why annoyed but that it seems to dispute our own self-esteem? We must examine narrowly why conceit is a trait so displeasing to us; for it may be the complacency of another offends because it flaunts a rival and disquiets our self-praise; as La Rochefoucauld avers that "it is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable." Hence, it has been said well that slander and evil speaking come forth much more from vanity than from malice; for we give credence and currency to an ill trait or bad report, not maliciously to do another harm, but from vainglory, to support our own conceit of ourselves, and shore up our claim of superiority.

Vainglory is ridiculous, for it is then a question with what a man compares himself. With a low standard? But he is not made a mountain because his measure is a mole-hill. Or with a high standard? Then certainly he will not vaunt himself. Or if he be among the very great and grand spirits who might boast of themselves, if any might, but who always are those who do not, then must he compare himself with the vastness of knowledge and with the greatness of the earth and of the heavens. But to himself then he will seem to sink into these as if lost or dissolved or disappearing in their glory; and when he remembers himself, it will be only to be humbled and quelled.

To be vain of our own faculty is as foolish as to be conceited over another man's work; for as no man made himself, it is not what he is, but only what he does with his material, that can be praise to him;

and even over this he must be humble in proportion as God has dealt him a fine tool with which to work. Humility, dignity and gratefulness are three virtues that go close together, and they frequent the cave of silence. Much speaking, and especially eager speaking, is like to be proud speaking. For when wisdom forces utterance, there can not be high-flown words nor a swelling manner; but if the object be to display parts and set off wit, speech eagerly will forestall and engross.

It is a common remark that vanity stands in the way of learning; for no man will seek anything more or better if he is satisfied with what he is. But it is a deeper thought, touching our lives more nearly, that vanity distorts experience; for some emotions it fends off, and others it invites too often or intensifies. It keeps away or weakens fear, of which there is a worthy and useful kind; and love and hope. For an unabashed and forward man will not be humble enough to fear, nor self-forgetful enough to love, nor devout enough to hope. But vanity opens the way to hatred, to jealousy, to shame, and puts an especial sting in them. For the consequential will make great account of any hurt that is done them; and, says La Rochefoucauld, "the reason why the pangs of shame and jealousy are so sharp is this: vanity gives us no aid in supporting them." Also, he says: "The most violent passions have their intermissions, but vanity gives us no respite." Strong emotions, which are great disturbers of the mind, at least are not perpetual, but leave us breathing space in which the mind girds

itself anew. But vanity is always agitating us, and leaves us no moments free from its distortion of our vision. Though egotism is called sometimes an armor in which one is proof against the pangs of self-distrust and of the sense of short-coming, it has very great mishaps of its own; for it meets continually with great shocks, and there is nothing to mitigate its pain, since by its nature it stands alone and unsupported.

The worst vanity is that which never makes any pretense or tries to display any parts, but angrily or sulkily expects attention or gifts without even the pains to appear to deserve them. This egotism is offended when any one else is honored. There are some who never work, but make huge claim to attention for what they are, and are angry if people do not bow to them because they might do great things if they would. To be always comparing ourselves with others is the most insidious vanity.

Finally, vainglorious persons always will fail of true honor, because they bestow it on themselves. All decoration must come from others. Humility waits to receive the reward if others give it, and, therefore, if crowned, is securely crowned, both by authority and with concurrent good will.

OF LUCK

LUCK has three meanings in common usage. All the meanings agree that luck is something which

affects our interests in some manner; for who would speak of the falling of a leaf in one place or another as luck, or call it lucky howsoever a raindrop falls, whether in a pond or on the soil? But to this agreement there are added disagreements, which make the three meanings of the word, namely, that the luck which affects our interests is pure chance without effort of ours, or is pure chance in spite of effort, or is a super-natural ruling.

As to the first meaning, it is without question that frequently we observe events which are matters of pure chance. Not that in these there is no law, for there is as much a law of chance as of the spheres; chance means not chaos. But there befall pure chances, without will or purpose apparently, either for them or against them. From a friend I had an account of his finding one day a bird hung by a horse-hair under the eaves of his house. It was plain the little creature had been using the hair in making its nest, and, disposing it with its bill, in some way had made a running knot in the hair; or perhaps the knot was there ready-made when the bird picked up the hair from the ground. But, however, it had slipped its head in some way into the noose, and then, launching forth into the air, it was caught about the neck, and there it was hanging dead, with the hair drawn tight around its throat. What a strange chance this was, and with what a cruel look! Perhaps among all the many millions of birds from the foundation of the earth, none other had hung itself thus with a hair. Charles Dickens records with inter-

est, and, indeed, too much interest if it be examined minutely, an instance of pure chance. He carelessly wrote down three names of horses entered for the three chief races on a St. Leger day, and, "if you can believe it," he wrote to Forster, "without your hair standing on end, those three races were won, one after the other, by those three horses." But Richard Proctor attacks mathematically the astonishment of the great novelist over this chance, and shows that if, out of the many persons witnessing the races, 10,000 should try the experiment of Dickens, certainly with two or three, and probably with nine or ten, it would fall out as with the surprised story-teller. I know not whether it be beyond numbers to compute the chance that a bird should be hung to the eaves of a house by a hair. But, however the law of chance may explain these strange things, it is certain they afford no matter to the artist who wishes to draw human life; for fact is very often too strange for fiction, which must go in a middle course, without presuming too boldly on the flights of nature. "For," says a story-writer about his art, "many of these things are too singular to be accepted as natural invention," and adds that "it would be foolish to put in a book such a character as Napoleon Bonaparte."

As to the second meaning of luck, that it is pure chance in spite of our efforts either way, this is the signification which plays the greatest part in the world, and often is injurious. It is said very truly that there are some people who have wonderful faculty for finding things and hitting opportunities, and others

who have an opposite luck in losing things and missing openings. Some persons always succeed without visible effort; with others, nothing goes well however they strain. "For it is certain there be those," says Bacon, "whose fortunes are like Homer's verses that have more slide and easiness than the verses of other poets." Of ship captains it is often noted that one has a fame for luck, and another for being unlucky; as an instance of which I have this story from the mouth of a friend: He was acquainted with two captains, one of whom was very daring and venturesome, and the other extremely cautious. He sailed from Europe to America with the former, who pressed on at full speed, day and night, notwithstanding the presence of many dangers at that season from huge ice-floes in the ocean. It was learned by the reports of vessels coming in afterwards that he had sailed his headlong course during the whole journey through a narrow strip of deep water between two ice-fields, so that a very little deviation from the course in the night-time would have carried the vessel on a floe and foundered it. Then my friend sailed with the cautious man a long voyage to Oriental parts, and in the same ship came back. Both going and coming the captain crept slowly along his track, under very small sail. To the murmurs and remonstrances of the weary passengers he answered simply that the barometer was low and that he knew his luck. So they crept at a snail's pace, under cloudless skies, without any misadventure, all the way over and nearly all the way back, the barometer

being still obstinately low. But when within a few days of the port, suddenly, while all as usual were enduring impatiently the lagging pace of the vessel, there came out of a clear sky, without warning, a great squall, as if some vast invisible trumpet of cloud had discharged a blast, so that the ship keeled over on her beams, and if she had been carrying full sail surely would have sunk at once. When all was righted and the dreadful blast had swept by, the captain said quietly to the appalled passengers: "Well, what do you think now? I told you I knew my luck."

However such things may seem at first, if they be examined deeply it will be found that what appeared to be mere chance, sporting with our efforts and making game of human plans or knowledge, is really the result of some deep mental qualities in different persons. Luck, good or bad, is the invisible play of mind upon affairs, the effect of mental aptitudes and habits which are not in sight, but which work and bring forth their due issues. It seems, especially, not this or that capacity, but a certain admirable balance and joint action of all, which is the source of power. If we could look into the most surprising and constant examples of luck, we should find it, as has been said well, "an exceptionally effective combination of the mental qualities of vigilance, alertness, insight, forethought, tact, skill, quickness of adaption to circumstances, and the ability to foresee a new emergency of circumstances in time to make an advantageous adaptation to it;" and, it is to be added, just in time, neither too early, for that will waste time, nor too

late, for that will not prevent the catastrophe. Again, says the same writer, "Luck is merely a fine sagacity so wrought into the whole mental temperament and habit of action as to be indistinguishable as a special faculty. It appears in the whole manner and life of the person." Bacon says of luck, "Perhaps the way of fortune is like the milken way in the sky, which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together. So are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate." Wherefore concerning luck he concludes "that there should be no doubt it is much in a man's self." Emerson in like manner says, "All successful men have agreed in one thing—they were causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; belief in compensation, or that nothing is got for nothing, characterizes all valuable minds."

However we strain, we can not do what is beyond us; and it is good luck to know this. For, "It is the sluggard who says," as a Turkish proverb has it, "I want strength;" but it is a man of little wisdom, which he calls poor luck, who will not know his strength rightly, and makes himself unlucky because he pushes forward beyond his faculty, and so falls by treading on nothing. "Each is bound by his nature," says an ancient Persian, "stand he in valley or on mountain. Scoop thou with hand poor or rich, from ocean or fountain, thou canst but fill thy pitcher." Look for luck, therefore, in a nice balance of all facul-

ties and judgments. The slow captain who was so cautious, and the quick one who was so rash, had such a difference in them, it is probable, that many consenting indications enabled the adventurous one to judge so closely that he needed but narrow margin, while the other could be equally safe only by being very slow and keeping very far away, because he could not judge the signs well enough to know how far or how near the danger was.

To be passing aright and moving in the same direction as events, is a great source of fortune and of power. There was meaning and wisdom in the humor of a man who accounted for the many rides which lifted him on his way, by saying that he was always going the way of the wagons. For if one is to be helped and carried along, he must either move with the throng or be carried not his own road. Sometimes the secret of luck is a patience which never wearies. There is a Persian saying, "A poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of paradise; then, when he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut." Sometimes luck lies in a strong purpose, for which, however, there must have gone before sufficient precision and attention of thought; of which there is an apt Hindoo fable related thus in "Conway's Sacred Mythology: "

"In the Grove of Gotema there lived a Brahmin who bought a sheep in another village, who carried it home on his shoulder to sacrifice. He was seen by three rogues, who resolved to take the animal from him by the following strata-gem: Having separated, they agreed to encounter the Brahmin on his road as if coming from different parts. One

of them cried out, 'Oh, Brahmin, why dost thou carry that dog on thy shoulder?' 'It is not a dog,' replied the Brahmin, 'it is a sheep for sacrifice.' As he went on the second knave met him and put the same question, whereupon the Brahmin, throwing the sheep on the ground, looked at it again and again. Having replaced it on his shoulder the good man went with mind waving like a string. But when the third rogue met him and said, 'Father, where art thou taking that dog?' the Brahmin believed his eyes bewitched, threw down the sheep and hurried home, leaving the thieves to feast on that which he had provided for the gods."

This ill luck was ignorance and superstition; but without confidence in nature who can be fortunate? The poet Schefer calls misfortune a "sin against intelligence," and says:

"Nor does it help the good to will good things,—
Stand at his door all day with open hands,
And make himself a heaven of others' woe—
If he, meanwhile, as man, is like the blind,
Who gropes about on earth as in the dark;
For herbs eats deadly poison; like the child,
For crabs, lays hold on scorpions, who, to save
His ass from drowning in the fountain, drowns
Himself therein; unskilled to know the signs
Of the storm's coming, goes on board his ship,
And miserably founders in the gale!"

Now, if we understand what unlucky persons are, we shall see that they are to be shunned, or that we are to consort with them only out of kindness or from sympathy, but without joining our interests with theirs; for they are persons who are not harmonious with the condition of things around them, and are as much at issue with life as a bird who should try to live in the water, or a fish to float in the air. If we

join with them, it will be to no purpose, for they will involve us. Aurelius utters a like prudence:—

“In the gymnastic exercises, suppose that a man has torn thee with his nails and by dashing against thy head has inflicted a wound. Well, we neither show any signs of vexation, nor are we offended, nor do we suspect him afterwards as a treacherous fellow; and yet we are on our guard against him, not however as an enemy, nor yet with suspicion; but we quietly get out of his way.”

But, on the other hand, it is well to seek the neighborhood of the lucky, follow their steps, join their enterprises; for this is merely to pay the right homage to a harmonious wisdom and to that adaptive balance of faculties in which strength lies. It is a sad part of luck that its power arises from the multitude of those who are unlucky; for great sums of fortunate things fall to a few persons because so many are unwise, unsound, wasteful, unfit. The most frequent of external causes is, as Bacon says, that “the folly of one man is the fortune of another.” This is a sad thought; but there are two thoughts that lighten it; one is, that human love finds great employment by reason of the fact; the other, that power is gathered where it ought to be—to the wise, the alert, the far-thinking and the far-seeing, which is better for the world as it is now, and by this, besides, the number of the lucky will grow.

As to the third meaning of luck, that there is in it a fate or mysterious power above the common order of nature, it need concern us little. Yet, indeed, although it is passing and ought now to be gone from the better informed, this idea still binds the ignorant hand

and foot. And a sorry binding it is; for who can walk with freedom or power or judgment who thinks himself lashed from behind by fate, or by a demon, or by Deity? Neither is there any encouragement or dignity in such a thought; for it is but a mean and servile way of shirking our own errors by loading them on Providence. This baseness lies, though amiably covered, in Dryden's saying that "the lucky are the favorites of heaven." But Plutarch's exclamation is noble when he has told how the captain, at the bursting of the storm, first shortens sail and makes all snug, and then says his prayers: "For God is the brave man's hope, and not the coward's excuse."

OF SEEING GOOD THINGS

PLUTARCH has a shrewd story of a servant whose master had a cellar of wines, some very good and some poor. Being at supper alone, he commanded his servant to bring him some of the poor wine. When afterwards the servant was asked what his master was doing, he answered that he left him calling for bad when the good was by him. Life is a feast for the senses in which abundance is furnished for every kind of taste or perception, and some of the things are very good, some not so good. Though we call not for the bad, because we have no need to call, the abundance being within reach of every sense, yet if we take the bad when the good is by us, we are even more foolish than the master in Plutarch's story,

because we are not saving our own good things, but denying ourselves nature's bounty, which is no nearer the end for any one's using. There might be some excuse for the man who hoarded his own against some better time to use it, but what excuse for him who pitches on the bad when the whole of nature's good is close to him, and not to be consumed, however enjoyed? As there are vast multitudes of beautiful and good things on every hand, and as there are also many unsightly and painful things, a secret of happiness is to have an eye only for the good things, and to see so many of these that no room is left to see the bad. But this shows that the eye is not the seeing part; hence that many "having eyes see not." The eye can not gather everything because of the vast multitude of things to be seen. Therefore, whatever directs the eye as to what it shall look at is the true seeing faculty. For the eye is but a glass turned about to this or that object by the true seeing power within. What would an eye be that could discern only shades and not lights, either in landscape or picture, and only dark colors but no bright tints, and only angles but no curves? Yet this same must be thought of that truly seeing faculty within, which, turning the eye here or there as it will, directs it only on blots and blemishes. Thus, however, do very many people, who spend all their lives looking so hard for the ills that they never discover the bright, shining things, like an astronomer who should peer forever into blank space between the scattered stars and maintain there were no lights in the sky. It is a

nice question how ignorant such a person will be; he will see much, indeed, but yet he will be poor from seeing most the bad, unless the world be more bad than good, which hope and religion forbid. But even this gives not the whole amount of the ignorance; for he who sees the bad when the good is by him may see many things, yet the many put together will not equal for value or for pleasure one good and noble thing which he will pass blindly. And one sight which is very seraphic such a person certainly will miss, namely, growth and improvement, the drift and motion of all things, and the beautiful order in which they move when the eye sweeps over them in great masses. For all things "work together for good," and if we could count everything, we should know that the world is a little better to-day than it was yesterday; or that if there be a halt in it, proofs are not lacking that it is gathering strength to move again and better. But besides missing much joy, these ill-seers become joyless in themselves, for after no great time they become of the same dark hue which they behold everywhere. Says Plutarch: "As dogs bark at all persons indifferently, so, if thou persecutest everybody that offends thee, thou wilt bring the matter to this pass by thy imprudence, that all things will flow down into this imbecility of thy mind as a place empty and capable of receiving them, and at last thou wilt be filled with nothing but other men's misdoings." The mind must grow like what it contemplates. Therefore, artists fill their rooms with beautiful objects, pictures, statues, elegant shapes and har-

monious colors, all set to heighten each other and inspire the mind by beauty. Now, if this power of beauty be withdrawn, the mind becomes dry and starved; and if it be given ugliness to feed on, it grows unhealthy. They who fasten on the bad when the good is by, suffer a sickness which grows fast, and become, like a plant in the dark, pale and prone. As many little weights will make a huge mass at last, and as perpetual slight blows at last will tear anything to pieces, so it is impossible to say what misery and injury persons make for themselves who have eyes only for troubles, failures, blemishes. This kind of sight brims also with vanity and presumption; for such a person must view himself as far above others; else how dare he walk abroad and show such a bundle of faults and blots as others appear to him withal?

Persons who take the bad things of life when the good is by them are worse in another point than the master in Plutarch; for he at least was sipping his bad wine at a solitary meal; but the carpers and grumblers and critics at life's board do what they can to shame others with being pleased. One has need of a strong heart and grateful spirit to be cheerful in such company. Some will have it that this defect is altogether in the temperament; but however it be, will and reason should be called in, for the reason should feel the pain of a sick mind as the nerves the torture of a diseased body. There is a great deal in habit; but habit, by its nature, may be dealt with by reason, since there are moments aside from the habit when we can reflect on it. "If this turn of mind,"

says Franklin, "were founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But the disposition to criticise and to be disgusted is perhaps taken up originally by imitation, and is unawares grown into a habit which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured when those who have it are convinced of its bad effect on their felicity." Franklin adds this pleasant story:

"An old philosophical friend of mine was grown from experience very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to show him the heat of the weather, and a barometer to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad, but there being no instrument invented to discover at sight this unpleasant disposition in persons, he for that purpose made use of his legs, one of which was remarkably handsome and the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger at first interview regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him; if he spoke of it and took no notice of his handsome one, that was sufficient for my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Everybody has not this two-leg instrument; but every one with a little attention may observe signs of that carping disposition and take every precaution to avoid those affected with it. I, therefore, advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people if they wish to be respected and beloved by others and happy in themselves, they should leave off looking at the ugly leg."

OF SIDE-LIGHTS OF INTELLIGENCE

OUR eyesight is more delicate by a sidelong glance out of the corners of the eye than by straightforward

vision. Sometimes an intimation of a faint star or a delicate nebulous light in the sky will come thus aslant; when we look directly, it is gone. The like exists in our mental vision. There is a slant look, which is to say, a use of other faculties than the cognitive, by which we have sights of truth, glimpses of the real relations of things, gleams of life, which a direct gaze of the intellectual powers reveals not. Intellectual aptitude makes not the whole of intelligence; keenness, wit, logical skill, learning, sum not up our sources of the knowledge of life. Our moral condition is important—meaning by moral a vast deal; all, in fact, not called the cognitive powers, especially the different modes of emotion, feeling, intuition, which bind us to other persons. These are love, generosity and many experiences of joy or sorrow in the inner relationships of life. I call these the side-lights of intelligence. This is only to say that a man is a unit. In exploring truth it is not a part of man called the reason that acts, all else lying quiescent; but the whole man is busy, and all his powers are operative in the understanding of things. There is no cogency of argument in which feeling has not a part, and no perception, discovery, insight, admiration, in which the whole man, heart, mind, soul and body, religion, love and reason, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, are not combined. Poe makes the profound remark about a character in one of his analytical stories (I quote from memory): "The Count is a mathematician; as a mathematician alone he will reason ill. But he is also a poet; as a mathematician and

poet he will reason exceedingly well." This but says that true reasoning is in looking at the universe with the sum of ourselves. As, if we looked out of doors only with the form sense of the eye, and not with the color sense, we should see, yet but in part and often untruly, so if we look into the skies or over the earth with the mathematical eye of the mind, or philosophical, or ethical, the poetical sense being shrouded or absent, we shall see not only poorly but untruly. This is a deep truth in morals. No intellectual power can make clear the eye which selfishness or grossness has befogged. Call Goethe Olympian, Carlyle grandly rugged and earnest; but the selfishness of both, the infidelities of one and the rude ungratefulness of the other, were vitiations of their intelligence, whereof came as much incompetence to see the round universe as direst stupidity could be; the which very truth Carlyle has uttered, saying, "Hast thou considered how Thought is stronger than Artillery parks, and (were it fifty years after death and martyrdom, or were it two thousand years) writes and unwrites Acts of Parliament, removes mountains, models the world like soft clay? Also, how the beginning of all Thought worth the name, is Love, and the wise head never yet was without the generous heart?" Give genius its due, whatever that may be; but it is worth considering whether wholeness of growth and completeness of soul be not the rarest and clearest drops of genius which the skies distill, reflective of themselves. Epictetus says: "You will fail least in judgment when you fail least in life."

Touching these side-lights of intelligence, this incident befell me. An influential writer said to me that he had no sympathy with pictures. "If I have the reality," he said, "why should I wish a picture of it? There is that tree, a beautiful object; but, having the tree, I care not for a little copy of it on paper." The more I brooded on the remark, both the stranger and the more meaning it seemed to me. I wondered whether there was not therein a clew to a mental deficiency which would help explain why, as I think, that writer lingers satisfied in a little transient tavern or stay-house of theology, half-way up the mountain of liberty, of reality and of naturalness. I have made no analysis, but sure I am there is lacking somewhat in the cognition of facts when that side-light of intelligence is shut—the side-light, namely, of the sense of the beauty and value of passing nature through the mind of man, of the co-working of the human and the divine in the transcription of beauty from the earth and from the sky, of the union of the individual and the personal. Mere literary skill and power may be not intelligent in the broad and noble sense, because it may serve a record of only what can be seen straight in front, with all the delicate gleams absent that visit the side-glance of the mental eye; hence barren, unreflective of the truth of things, seeming to gleam, but, like painted fire, unmoving, unreviving.

If a man be not a conglomerate of faculties which act one after the other, as a machine puts forth first one arm and then another shaft, and then some other part until the action return again to the first, but a

unity, the whole acting in every act—if this be so, I say, it is the balance, the sanity, the scope of the mind which give seeing power. Nor is there anything which the mind can do that belongs not in everything it does. If a man be not woman-loving, or a woman be not man-loving, or both be not child-loving, there is no question whether being thus deficient they are impeded in their intelligence, but only whether there be deficiency, that is, whether these qualities which they lack are natural and belong to the complete human being. For if so they be, it is certain that by lack of them intelligence is barred or turned awry in some way, so that either it can not go so far, or will take a crooked course. No matter in what way the soul be partial, whether one quality or another be lacking, the effect is the same, that intelligence halts. If nature be beneficent and we selfish, cheerful and we morose, beautiful and we have no eye for the color or the shape of beauty and no ear for the harmonies of it, if nature be marvelous and we puffed up, sublime and we never humble, infinite order and we groping for miracles, we are mental Ishmaelites, living in barrens, though mounted by wit on swift steeds.

Emerson says, "Poetry is the one verity;" and in another place, "Genius is a larger imbibing of the common heart;" and again, "There is in all great poets a wisdom of humanity which is superior to the talents they exercise." This brings the law of experience into this matter. So far as we lack any element belonging to humanity, we miss the experience

pertaining thereto, and experience is a great teacher. Thus we fail to see things rounded as they are, in the order of their relations together; but see them only in fragments, or with some things dropped from their places; which is as if keys or wires be broken from an instrument, so that no effort can draw full harmony from it. Matthew Arnold has it that "poetry is at bottom the criticism of life." If this be mated with Emerson's sayings that "poetry is the one verity" and the poet's faculty "is only a larger imbibing of the common heart," plainly the poet's intelligence will fail if there be lack of qualities to take part in the whole circle of life's experience. Therefore, seek not wits, sharp-minded people, the strong, the brilliant, the expressive, the intellectual; but complete persons, who have a symmetry like architecture.

In sum, knowingness is wholeness; completeness is power to understand. This is the thing to remember, that no matter on what side of us a limitation be, though it seem as far away from the understanding as the poles are asunder, it is sure to report itself in a divided intelligence. It is one portal of sight darkened, one side-light veiled, one comprehension cut off from comprehensiveness.

OF INDIVIDUALITY

I WILL distinguish individuality from individualism, and then treat of individuality in two kinds, in opinion and in behavior.

As to the distinguishing of individuality and individualism it is important but no less easy, for they are very different—indeed, opposites. Both may mean a fact or a doctrine. Individuality as fact, lies in a character of marked difference from others, a mind not molded to a pattern or hewn to a shape. As a doctrine, individuality is the principle that diversity of character in unity of co-operation is right and natural. Individualism is the direct opposite of individuality, as I have said; as a fact, it is withdrawal from association into independent action, and *ipso facto* it is similarity or level likeness of character; for it is certain that as men drift away from each other by disassociation of functions, they must drift into a generic level of likeness, like the brutes. As a doctrine, individualism is the assertion that this sameness of nature with uncoöperative separation is the right and natural way.

With little argument I will dismiss individualism; for though it boasts much with clamor, it offers little with reason. What need to declare it anti-social, as Marcus Aurelius would say, and therefore lacking in a good half of piety? Paul, Socrates, Saadi, Seneca, have said, and almost in the same words, that men are limbs of one another and members of one great body, and if one part suffer all suffer with it. Socrates speaks thus in Xenophon's Memorabilia: "When brothers are unkind it is as if the two hands which God has formed to aid each other, neglecting these duties, should hinder each other; or as if the feet, formed by God to act together, should forget this

office, and obstruct each other. Now God hath designed brothers to be of greater service to each other than hands or feet or eyes or other members which he hath given in pairs to men." And though this be addressed to two brothers by blood, who were at variance, yet the sage would say the same to all men in moral brotherhood; and the like did Cicero after him. Against individualism I make four counts: first, that when men are gathered in numbers they make perforce an organism, since they are not merely gregarious, like dumb creatures or those who have at most but few gestures or cries by which to communicate; but inventive, co-operative; in which state what hurts the organism harms every part thereof. When is anything useful to a part that is not good for the whole? Marcus Aurelius says: "Whatever is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee." Secondly, I count it as against individualism, that every one has need of others; for of all creatures man is most incomplete in solitude. When either in mind or body had he parts, qualities or tools to suffice for himself? As Seneca has said, "No one has strength enough of his own to rise out of folly; one must give another the hand." But Seneca has a wider saying, which is my third count against individualism, namely, "I owe more to humanity than to the individual"; which Schefer, the German, puts thus: "It takes all mankind to make a man, and each man when he dies takes a whole earth away with him." It is to the honor of human nature, and what can be said of no other creature, that the best fruits of all together sut-

fice for no more than to make each one what he may be. My fourth count is that it is a noble thing and human-like to work for others; and how is that possible but by working with others, standing close with them and not apart? It is a noble saying of Seneca, "I fight not for my own liberty, but for my country's; not to live free, but to live among freemen." Therefore, I dismiss individualism, as I have said, by these reasons, and with the authority of the greatest and best men.

Now, as to individuality, by virtue of which men cleave close to each other in associative action, and the closer they cleave the more and more do they differ in character—as to this I say (the crowning fact and glory of nature in the unfolding or outcoming of mind), I am to consider individuality in opinion and then in behavior.

Individuality in opinion, or, what is more, in thinking, is simply one with thinking at all; for he who thinks thereby looks at the thing or the fact itself and takes its measure by observation directly, not content with the measures of others, and still less tying himself to the authority of their measures or following their currency or convention in things which he has to examine. This is a lofty attribute, whereof a poet says:

"Whoever lives is individual,
Without a copy or a precedent,
And holy, even to God."

Now, individuality in thinking, or in the result thereof, which is conviction, should have three quali-

ties, and without these it is not a concrete process of thinking, as light moves, but a wild leaping, as lightning jumps from one to another point, dazzling without illumining, and if it strike, rending. These three qualities are: First, that the thinking be slow and careful; secondly, that it move with reverence for the thinking of others either past or at hand; and this includes two points—namely, reverence for the wise and good, either close by now or anywhere, and reverence for the common drift of the human mind through all the ages. There is a beauty of counsel-taking, and of deferring, waiting, listening, weighing what others say, and looking at what they do for instruction's sake, which is a very fair sight. Zeno, it is recorded, thought it "a proof of greater virtue to adopt the good advice of another than originally to conceive what is just and right." And Epictetus said likewise, "It is beautiful to yield to the law, to the ruler, or to the wiser man." This beauty is individuality of thought holding its right gait, and therefore graceful. "Without the individual," one has written, "society is a mush or a war." Yes, assuredly; because then, either all are alike, in a level that yields nothing, as it is dead, or else there is strife of the many who are similar against the few who are different, or a war among all, as with the brutes. But it is the individual close leaning toward others by individuality, and not withdrawing himself into a den by individualism, which raises society up from a strife and from vacancy; wherefore the same writer says without contradiction, "We are all alike; this equality is

not of merit nor of greatness—rather of our nothingness; equal we are in God, in being by our individual selves nothing.”

The third quality of individuality in thinking is courage of conviction when once by the other two qualities conviction be reached; for then is needed as great vigor of maintenance, of argument, of declaration, and perhaps of action, as before of slow and reverential motion. Of this Sidney Morse has written wisely:

“Where the individual can form no conviction he must manage as he can—drift and take pot-luck, as the saying is. But if he reach a conviction he must abide by it, let all other individuals take other paths. He need not be willful or rash; he can rest on his judgments until he finds that they abide; he may or may not ‘vote urgency’ for his action; but in the end, he can not be false to his own judgments and remain a man, let the world laugh, weep, or damn.”

Conflict in important practical things when it lifts a dire head, as sometimes it does, driving men to passion and pain, comes not from individuality or any assertion thereof, though never so bold, but indeed, from a lack of the same; that is, not from individual thinking, but from non-thinking. For if all think, agreement comes at last, because of three forces which thought has; first, that the thinking of all will correct every one, and conversely that the thinking of every one adds its sum to the thinking of all; secondly, that they who think most always respect most the thoughts of others, and thus the thinking of no one is lost, but sinks into all deeply; thirdly, that much

thinking perforce discovers at last the real fact, which then enforces agreement and brings all minds to itself.

Now when I turn from individuality in thinking to the same in behavior, the point needs more exposition; for the question arises, what is individuality of action, and how differs it, if in any way, from mere peculiarity or mannerism pushed to eccentric conduct? And in point of behavior, what are the claims of the whole of society and the claims of each part thereof, and the due balance between them? If one say that every person is most valuable wherein he is most himself and not another, as I remember that Emerson somewhere has stated, who will gainsay? But if another declare that every person is most valuable wherein he is most in agreement and in union with the whole, and not only with the whole of this time but of all times, and not only with all times on this earth but with the nature of things everywhere, again who will gainsay? Yet at first seem these not different and opposed? Otherwise, what is the unity which puts not out individuality? Or what the diversity which interferes not with unity? But it is only at one glance that any contradiction appears herein; to the long look, the coherence is to be seen easily; as, if one behold a double star with but a glimpse through the telescope, it will appear like two bodies all parted, but with a long look will be seen the center of gravity and their revolution around each other by which they are tied in one. By this similitude, we may be led justly to take a hint from an engine in answering how individuality and unity agree. For each part of

a good machine is strictly individual in shape and in function, but as it tends to the common aim of all the parts, the unity is unbroken, being the gathering of all the parts into the action of the machine, one in object and result, but multiplied in kinds and motions. So diversities or individualities of mind put not unity out so long as they tend to the natural end which is the purpose of the whole. Therefore let a man's manners be as peculiar as they may, if they tend to good will, to social usefulness and to the good of all the race, then his individuality is no breach of unity, but only, as I may say, a variety of language, or a special dialect in which unity speaks. It matters not in behavior that a man gives no special reason for his acts or manners which are peculiar, for they are simply his idiosyncrasies. Let him say boldly it is a whim, if so he wish; for if there be no reason against his manners except that they are not common, if they disturb not the reasonable aims and rational character of the whole, and are not against social worth, then they disturb not unity, how peculiar soever. And it is to be wished, I think, that there were less of level convention in our manners; for thereby what great variety would be added to life, and of a kind very entertaining as well as charming. What then are the things in which a man may be individual in behavior without reproach? Plainly, the things which are only modes of expression of the rightful purpose of the whole, or different motions in a work which is the continuity of the whole, as in the engine the same end may be gained by this motion or by that or by

another. But in the aim of his work, or in the meaning of his expressions, let no man differ recklessly from others without studying whether also he differ from the whole. For he ought to agree with the drift of all times and with the nature of things, which is good and holy.

Of individuality I conclude, that it inheres as to function not in separation, but in association, and not in independence, but in interdependence; and as to thought, in self-accountableness, but joined with reverence for all others; and as to behavior, in absolute liberty, so the social aim be not abused. Thus in all, in function, in thinking, in behavior, individuality is the final finishing and supple shaping of a part which fits by its special figure into the operation of the whole.

OF QUESTIONS OF HEROISM

THE Roman consul Brutus has had great fame because he condemned his two sons to death for conspiracy against the State. In this austere judgment some modern judges have followed him. Like to this is a storied scene on an English naval vessel, wherein a man was commanded to flog his son and obeyed. This is a Spartan trait, like that which Plutarch records of the Spartan women, when the messengers came home from the fatal battle of Leuctra. The mothers whose sons were slain in the battle openly rejoiced, cheerfully made visits, and met triumphantly in the temples; but they who expected

their children home, having heard that they had survived, were silent and troubled. It is a question whether these deeds be truly heroic. It will honor our nature to say that this Spartan virtue is no virtue, but only a distorted growth wherein as much force is taken off the side of love as is laid on the side of endurance, and as much withdrawn from the private as is added to the public devotion, making the character an unsightly hollow on the one side and excrescence on the other. The private sphere, where the affections run, has its laws and its claims to loyalty as much as the public sphere where we act as citizens. There will be often a question what the right action is, and whether the private or the public claim shall prevail. But this can not be decided in advance for every case by one rule; and as, if claims conflict, always there will be a question, so sometimes it may be a nice or difficult one. If the stern Roman judge was brought to the point whether as a magistrate to condemn his sons, or to resign because he was their father, that some other might condemn them who could do the State justice and the heart of the father no violence, why should he not abdicate, since he would preserve the honor of the gentleness of the soul and do the State no wrong? In truth, he would bear double testimony, being a witness for love by his refusal to sentence and a witness for justice by his abdication of office. Thus did, though in a small case, a Keeper of the Seals in France; for when the King, with his own hands, affixed the seals to a corrupt pardon of a prisoner, the Minister refused to

take them again, saying, "The seals have twice put me in a position of great honor: once when I received them, and again when I resigned them. In the one instance, the honor was from the law and the King; in the other, from justice and from the King of Kings." So might the Roman judge have descended from the judgment seat, saying with dignity, "This office has twice honored me—once when I took it, the honor being from my country, and now when I resign it, the honor being from the humanity within me."

The question in general is this: How much do we belong to the whole, and how much to each household and to each heart? The household exists not merely for the whole, but for itself also; and the whole not merely for itself, but for the household also; and each has its domain. That there may be a private heroism of endurance above any general obligation will be plain, if we take some cases; for if a man shared in a robbery, and then in stress to screen himself, denounced his comrade to the law, we should call the act treacherous and infamous. For in such a case there would be a private law of devotion which every honest heart would admit exceeded the public claim. John Weiss said well that a wife would be no wife in his eyes who would not defend and secrete and preserve him if he were pursued for a crime, though justly; for herein sacred devotion of one for one must exceed the claim of the whole on the one. So thought the King of France when Mme. Lavalette helped her husband to escape in her clothes; for

when different officers were excusing themselves from blame, the King answered coolly, "I do not see that anybody has done his duty, except Mme. Lavalette."

In all matters touching the heart there are two kinds of desert: The desert of fine qualities in general which have a claim to homage from all beholders, and which a friend has pride and joy in seeing; and also especial desert from the friend because of private virtues and fidelity that encompass him faithfully. The two do not concur necessarily, and perhaps in some cases they will conflict. Then let me give what is deserved from me, and let the social union attend to its own matters; for, for the time, it is not society, with me in it, which is arrayed against my friend, but society which is marshaled against my friend and me on the other side, where I belong with him. This is only to say that the heart has rights as inalienable as understanding or judgment or justice or punishment. To say which is not weakness or merely sentiment, but strength and thought. There is a story of one of the Old Bailey Judges who pointed out a jurymen to another Judge and said: "Look at that man. We shall not have a single conviction to-day for any capital offense." But this was not to call the man a weak fellow. When tears were noticed in Thackeray's eyes, a critic said it was conceivable the great novelist had a cold in his head but it was better to give him credit for force in his heart. So the humane jurymen might have been, indeed, a bit of a weakling, but also he might have

been a strong man who was able to give feeling its due part in judgment. There are dark corners where the blind man is better than the man who has eyes, because neither can see, but the one has a finer sense of touch. So there are dark places of human experience where the most shrewd intelligence and cautious reason have no sight, but where a tender sense avails.

OF PRAISING

I **MUST** call praising a liberty. It savors, unless between near friends, of superiority, or the assumption thereof, seeming to say that we are proper judges and that our commendation is an honor. Therefore praising is not to be done by inferiors to superiors, except with extreme delicacy and care; and then sparingly and in a modest word or two; as by the ignorant to the learned, by the lowly in position to the high or commanding, especially by the young to the old. Nevertheless, press not this too strongly, for any one's honest approval or admiration is a worthy reward for the highest virtue or greatness, if only it be a sincere and modest exaltation; nor will any seeming greatness be great that scorns the admiration of the simple and the true.

It is a point of good manners to praise, if manners be founded in good feeling; for good praising bestows much pleasure. A Frenchman defined politeness as an art to keep one person from knowing that we prefer another person—surely a gentle and

reasonable account of good manners, since it would make a unit of all companies and leave our preferences or endearments where they belong, to private moments. So likewise it will be gentle manners if we keep another from thinking that he gives us no pleasure or merits not our approval, or that we hold ourselves above him in any way; and this can be done by good praising, for which we must gather, with both kind intention and sincere judgment, the things in which he has done well. So far good manners carry; but, furthermore, we must praise if we will be either generous or honest. Emerson says, and nobly, "Our very abstaining to repeat and credit a fine remark of our friend is thievish." If it be selfish not to give what we can, and fraudulent to withhold what another has earned, then to be unmindful of praising is ungenerous, to be unwilling is dishonest. Some persons are so thievish, indeed, and such collectors for themselves, that they deem praise bestowed on others as so much withheld from their own merits; but this is a base and miserly envy, which can glorify no other's virtue without avaricious pain.

To praise well is a difficult art, an intellectual and moral feat, to which must go delicacy and cultivation of mind, thought and nice perception, and chivalrous generosity. How fine was the eulogy of Frederick the Great at a state feast, when he withdrew a brave Austrian general from the opposite side of the table and placed him near the royal seat, saying, "I have always wished to see you at my side rather than facing me." But, contrariwise, Nicole's compliments were

saved from offense only by their comedy. When the bashful scholar was summoned to a company by a Parisian beauty to grace her hospitality, he retired as soon as he could, covering his retreat with clouds of fine speeches, in which he informed his hostess that her "lovely *little* eyes" were irresistible; but being reproached outside by a friend, who told him he had accused the lady of what all her sex thought a defect, the dismayed scholar returned abruptly to the company, humbly begged pardon for his error, and exclaimed: "Madam, I never beheld such fine large eyes, such fine large lips, such fine large hands, or so fine and large a person altogether in the whole course of my life." When a man who usually was mute spoke wisely and well, but pleaded at the beginning that his habitual silence should excuse his deficiencies, a lady said to him afterward: "Sir, I like the speech of silent men," which was very elegant praise. So said one humble in station to a scholar: "When I talk with you I forget you know more than I do." Whether to bestow this high praise or to earn it was the more admirable may be questioned. Weiss said "the gift of appreciation is as divine as the dignity of being appreciated." Thus may two sit on a level who seem, to outward sight, far parted. But some praise is very repulsive. Such is formal praise, insincere praise, conventional matter-of-course compliment, intemperate and coarse commendation which outreaches truth and covers with confusion, public praise wherein it should be private, and general praise wherein it should be particular and discriminating.

The one simple rule is this: Praise should be first true, that is, temperate and thoughtful; and then generous, that is, living and warm. It is well not to venture on praise at the moment, for it is a matter well worthy of preparation.

Praise should have regard also to the character of the person to be commended,—as whether he need encouragement or restraint, enlargement or suppression. Some may think praise never should be given to the self-satisfied; but this may be questioned; for if vanity be very great, praise will add little to it, and if the praise be not granted when it is just, there will be no room for censure when it will be salutary.

It is well sometimes to put praise in writing, which enlarges our liberty and yet spares the face of our friend. Written words are like a tender veil behind which we may speak more warmly; or like the casting down of the eyes, which is instinctive when very precious things are to be said. Writing may add also elegance and wisdom. When Doctor Balguy (I know not whether the father, John, or the son, Thomas; but either it might be, for the father had the wisdom to burn his sermons that his son might be left to his own labors, and the son had the wisdom to profit by his father's discretion) once preached from the text, "All wisdom is sorrow," he received these lines from a hearer:

"If what you advance, dear Doctor, be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you!"

Praising is a great privilege of friendship, and equally a duty. A privilege, because friends stand

on that equal ground which makes praising the greatest pleasure, and the praise a great boon. And duty, because the helpfulness of praise is so great that to be unpraiseful when our friend has deserved well is as if we should refuse him our hand in his efforts; for to praise him lovingly for what he has done is to give him a strong hand in what he shall try to do. Sidney Lanier wrote in a letter to a friend,—“I thank you heartily for your encouraging commendations of my little poem. Much reflection convinces me that praise is no ignoble stimulus, and that the artist should not despise it.” What can be colder, more unlove-like, more disappointing and uncherishing than to walk beside your comrade, many years perhaps, unmindful to cheer his successes or his noble efforts with your warm praise for the moment and with yet warmer help growing therefrom for the future? A friend should so regard his friend in his heart that, as Brutus says of Cæsar, “His glories are not extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced,” but kindly turned into correction. It is one of the joys of love that the vocabulary of praise is increased by it; for large measures of it may go in a look, a touch, and that, too, with the greatest privacy in large companies.

In sum, as praising is a liberty, let it be modest and observant; as it is a justice, let it be rendered; as it is a privilege, let it be welcomed; as it is an art, let it be studied.

OF CENSURE

CENSURE is first judgment. So in Latin and so in English primarily, in sense, however it be in time; as in Shakespeare, in Brutus's speech to the Roman populace—"Censure me in your wisdom and awake your senses that you may the better judge;" wherein the meaning is shown in reading if the emphasis be laid properly on *better*. The same appears in *censor*, which means an officer of judgment either to approve or condemn.

An ancient stoic said wisely, "Men are made better by bearing with them, worse by fault-finding." True; yet not showing censure either useless or hurtful. For petulance, complaining, carping, invective, the clattering of a scold in what shape soever, is not censure; nor more even is criticism censure, unless it have a genius above discontent. For whether it be spite or envy or churlishness or whatsoever, that makes one hard to please, they to whom a fault looks big and a virtue little can not censure, even when perchance they judge; for no one attends to them. Moreover, if it be just to censure wrong, it is still a higher justice to be silent unless we can help in finding the right. A stoic said wisely, "If thou be able, teach others what is right; but if thou be not able, remember to be meek on that account." Censure must have two parties, and both noble; for the reprover must be high above peevishness, and more lured by a merit

than sharp for a fault; otherwise he is a pretender who fingers a sore without ointment; and the one re-proved must revere worth and judgment when it is before him; otherwise in effect he is berated, not censured. Wherefore some never can censure because they enforce no reverence, and some never can be censured because they are too vain or too empty to pay the reverence.

By its nature, censure must be rare, because it has a greatness which is rare in itself, or comes only on great occasions, which are few. Herein lies the wisdom of the stoic, that men are made worse by fault-finding, for to notice faults often is to censure never. Likewise, indirect reprimand, starting thought and leaving it, is very powerful censure. This did the English press, after the French refugees had celebrated the death of King Louis with a great revel. On the next anniversary of the death of Charles, the journals announced, "To-morrow is the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles the First. The French are acquainted there will be no ball." The like indirectness may be given by wit covering the reproach, so it fall not into a Pasquin's diversion, for the wit's sake, to sport a smart sneer. Then the ambushed censure, suddenly bursting forth, can do much. Thus a genial wit admonished "a very middling" poet, whose humor it was to decry and jeer all other poets. When once he cried, vehemently, that he "knew not a worse lyric poet than Guillard," "Ah, Chevalier," said his friend, "you forget yourself"—laying a gentle stress on *forget*, as if to reprove the noise of the man-

ner, but leaving to private discovery the mental emphasis which branded the vanity. Whether it be covered by wit or by indirectness, or howsoever, privacy is a condition of censure, for public correction shames too much to help more. Sometimes many are to be joined in the censure, because they have been joined in the error. But let there be no witnesses on a hill of advantage.

Censure never can be glad or even willing, for to be pleased to blame is horrible, and either malice or vanity, which the chided person, though blameworthy, instantly will detect, and which will degrade the censure, though just, to presumption or spite. Whoso sets off his own good with another's ill has an interest in every cause, and can not judge. Says Aurelius: "Thou must censure neither with any double meaning nor in the way of reproach, but affectionately and without any rancor in thy soul, and not as if thou wert lecturing him, nor yet that any bystander may admire, but when he is alone." Good censure is a great guide and pathfinder—none better—but as it hangs on a right mind in two persons, so it leads once more by two paths to humility, which seems the soul of all virtues; for if censure be given not humbly, it is no censure, and if not taken humbly, it is no guide.

Great censures are among the loftiest scenes of history. Such was Nathan's tender parable and stern "Thou art the man" to David; and Socrates' defense, wherein gloriously he judged his judges; and Jesus' censure of the priest's officer: "If I have spoken evil,

bear witness of the evil, but if well, why smitest thou me?" Such was Huss's censure of the Emperor, burning the royal cheek with shame's embers—a historic blush, which remembering Charles refused to seize Luther, saying: "I wish not to blush like Sigismund." It was a grand censure and a notable moment when John Knox admonished Mary, the more that, in contrast, the Queen's haughty reprimand was no better than hard words: "What have you to do with my marriage?" she cried, "or what are you in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same," Knox answered, "and albeit I be neither earl, lord nor baron in it, yet has God made me (how abject that ever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same. Yea, madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doth to any of the nobility, for both my vocation and my conscience require plainness of me."

The censure of a friend is the best, for then the faithfulness and courage are as dear as they are noble, and the manner has two potencies—love's and truth's. Plutarch relates Phocion's saying to Antipater: "You can not have me for both a friend and a flatterer." I saw once a speechless surprise flood a gentle face, fading instantly for love's sake; but the censure was mighty and never passed—a holy force, a breastplate under the cloak.

Censure and praise are joined powers. He can do neither who can not both; for whoso never praises will have no credit for his censure, since he lacks the

brighter half of justice; and if one never censure, praise is like a heart, which dies when the head is off. Also, whoso is open for praise but not for censure will not be quickened by the honor, but only puffed out by it; for he thinks not of growth, but of pleasure; which he will find in the applause of others, but not in painful demands on himself. A man had a friend whom dearly he loved, the more that she was a woman; for so God has made the two. For a time she was good and gentle, and once when she saw that he did ill she censured him with so sweet wisdom that he rejoiced in her the more. Afterward, because he had praised and honored her, she grew vain, showed him pride, and made merry at him. When he reasoned with her and besought her, she forsook all deference, quoted him for defense raveled shreds of philosophy, made light of his words, and threatened him. So that no longer he could keep his trust and admiration, and therewith perished the joy of his affection. Now so it happened that afterward the man (for he was a scholar) did something in his work which many people valued, and the woman also wrote him her applause; but sadly he answered: "Your approval is not commendation, nor is your disapproval censure." Mournful, surely; whether just I can not argue; but right in this, that if she had forfeited her power to censure, then also her power to praise.

OF FLATTERY

FLATTERY, says our lexicographer, is connected with flat, and means, first, to rub or smooth down with the hand: hence to please or cajole. In a like sense the adjective "flat" is used in metaphor, as in the saying, "That is flat," meaning certain, imperative, unchangeable, as on a flat plain where nothing rises to hinder the eye. So in the expression, "a flat denial." The Greeks had a like phrase, "a flat or wide oath," meaning strong and obligatory. Thus, etymologically, when one is flattered successfully, then comes a flat or open state in which one is seen plainly at the shameful point and truth of the weakness, like anything on a level plain which cannot be hid.

Flattery itself is not so plain always as its success. It has a cunning which lackeys it as well as wit squires sarcasm or ridicule serves humor; nay, even it may be put forward in pretense when the purpose is to jeer under shadow of it. It fell to a humble friar to preach before a cardinal (so runs it in Peignot's *Predicatoriana*, by my memory, for I have not the book by me), and the great man was astonished at the ease and courage of the humble monk, and questioned him thereon. "It is easily explained," said the friar, "for when I learned that I was to preach before your Eminence I repeated my sermon many times to a bed of cabbages, among which was a red one, and that accustomed me to your presence." Now, this, indeed,

might be rustic simplicity, doing true homage (though in so foolish a way) which, perhaps, the cardinal might take in such spirit as did Theseus "the intents extremely stretched" of the hard-handed men:

"Our sport shall be to take what they mistake,
And what poor duty can not do,
Noble respect takes it in might not merit;

* * * * *

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most to my capacity."

But if the friar's was not such a simplicity, then a flat impudence, craftily cloaked. Not like this, but a plain jeer, was Swift's shrewdness when preaching on pride. He said: "My dear hearers, there are four kinds of pride: pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three; as to the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault." But whatever the friar intended by his cabbage-head, the pulpit, though often faithful against power, sometimes has worn skirts not clean of flattery before high persons. It is told of the Third George that he commanded the clergy called to preach before the court to pay him no compliment, saying "that he came to chapel to hear the praises of God and not his own." Pulpit flattery sometimes either has been very venturesome or has had the shrewd knowledge to count on a vast appetite and digestion in the audience. A

Capuchin, preaching before Louis XIV. at Fontainebleau, began with: "My brethren, we shall all die," and then flattered the King thus amazingly: "Yes, sire, *almost all* of us shall die"—broad to the point of clownishness. More ingenious was the gray friar preaching before an archbishop whose family name was *Levi*, on the subject of the Trinity: "It would seem to me impossible, my Lord," said the friar, "to succeed in a theme so lofty if I did not avail myself of the intercession of madame, *your cousin*, by saying to her *Ave Maria*." In contrast, thus spoke the Father Seraphin to Louis: "Sire, I am not ignorant of the custom which requires me to salute you with a compliment; but I beg your Majesty to excuse me from it; I have looked through the Holy Scriptures for a compliment, and I have been so unhappy as not to find a single one."

Flattery has the weakness of all lies, the meanness of treacherous ones and the cowardice of small ones. For seldom it can plead great occasion or object, being commonly no more than a complaisance; but if it have an object, then flattery is the taking crafty advantage of weakness, which honor holds odious. Either way, being a lie, it has the seeds of death. But of all lies, flattery is either the weakest or the strongest; for either at once it is detected, and so is weak past standing, or else accepted, and then mighty for injury; for what so great hurt to a man as to be kept in a vain, empty and absurd error about himself?

Nature is honest with us; nay, the elements have even no rewards for virtue. The sun and rain fall

alike on the just and on the unjust, the rude wind hustles the peer and the plowman the same, and breaking waters balk beggars and kings. "The icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind" with the same appetite gnaws roughened and pampered flesh, as said the banished duke:

"When it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery;' these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

Therefore says Plutarch, "I like the observation of Carneades, who used to say that young princes and noblemen never arrived at a tolerable perfection in anything they learned except riding. For their preceptors spoiled them at school by extolling all their performances and their wrestling masters by always taking the foil. Whereas the horse, who knows no distinction between a private man and a magistrate, betwixt the rich and the poor, will certainly throw his rider if he knows not how to sit him, let him be of what quality he pleases."

As nature, so the world is mainly plain with us. Only private persons flatter. Therefore, they who have been bepraised and lulled to satisfaction in small companies or at home, find a cold trial and a fall when then they go out into the wide and truthful world. Sometimes multitudes seem to flatter, but that is only when they beset the very powerful whose might stretches widely, as great emperors, or smaller tyrants among their own retinue. Even then, really it is but a small part of the world that flatters, and for a

little time; but over the earth and in duration, the plain truth is spoken and character set in its place.

Flattery has many grades. There are fine kinds and coarse. There is skill at it, and again bungling and clownish performance. An insidious delicacy of flattery is found which, like poison drowned in wine, will overthrow the greatest strength, except one above appetite for any drink—like the working of *Decius* on *Cæsar*:

“I can o’er-sway him, for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work.”

Sometimes it is a very subtle flattery to ask advice; and this some monarchs and captains are said to have understood and to have worked therewith. For who can withstand the delight of the honor that his judgment is asked and his reason set in repute? When the act is not a deference to wisdom, but a playing on folly, it is wrong, mean, false, though it wear an innocent look. But well, when so much respect for human nature fills us that we can ask the thoughts even of the simple, and weigh them seriously; well, too, and a great power indeed, when we have such sight into minds and characters as to know and judge the worth of each, and in what way to ask advice or on what points.

Flattery may be conveyed without speech; but are deferential manners flatteries? No, but graces. But if toward the bad, the frivolous, the tyrannous, then

flatteries? No, but only respect for one's own proper gentleness and a right recognition of human nature, not bent by the bad specimens thereof before us. But I speak of noble, high, sincere manners; for there is a behavior which none could describe to blame it, nor catch to count its false elements, but which is like a brimming vessel of bad drugs spilling everywhere.

It is worth thought what kind of mind or condition or disposition is open to flattery; for poison would not be spread if the rats ate it not. There are two ways to be flattered. First, to be delighted with praise without reference to our quality of work and without thought of what we deserve; or secondly, to be elated or puffed in our own esteem by it, so as to believe ourselves as fine as we are cajoled to believe. The first always will take the second with it; for no one will be charmed by praise unqualified by work unless deluded as to his value. But perhaps the second may exist without the first; for though very vain and puffed and aiming at self-exaltation, yet one may really work for the credit, to compel it by performance; and that is nobler than the other, because, though a bargain for a mean motive, yet the payment is honest. Now, as there are two ways to be flattered, so there are two elements in work,—the work-motive itself, and also the desire for praise among our fellows. Both these are right; for who will not be glad to be commended by human beings if he respects human nature? But one of them is the nobler, which is the simple work-motive, the wish to do some grand thing, or to do anything faithfully, for its own sake.

Now whoever more feels the less noble of these two, whoever thinks more of striding the labor to ride it unto praise and honor than of bringing the work to its greatest in singleness of spirit, he is open to flattery. This is the mind that may be cajoled, this the character that can be worked on by the sly and skilled. The fault falls under the general meanness of taking something for nothing. For whoever thinks more of the praise than of the work, surely will be willing to give as little work as will get the praise, and take all the offered renown without shame, though but little deserving it, or not at all. And as such a person will have no lofty ideal of his work to strive for, dream of, love, it is likely he will take himself indeed to be as fine as he is told; and so he will be flattered in both ways.

In fine, it is wholesome wisdom to fear flattery and guard oneself warily; for such a lie is not only a foe but ambushed. And as a man truly can have no enemy harder to combat than himself, so there is nothing in himself more difficult to overthrow than the sly whisper of a soft falsehood. We have need to examine ourselves as to La Rochefoucauld's saying, "Men sometimes think they hate flattery, but they hate only the manner of it." We beware of an enemy who is both very dangerous and very hard to recognize; but this the flatterer is. The having many assured friends and the certainty that those who stand nearest and make the dearest claims, are true, is the royal compensation of poor and humble place. One rule may be set: Turn strictly from whoever commends you above

your own secret approval, or for what you condemn. Besides, who that is used to employ one sort of lies, will stop at others? Therefore, the flatterer is also a detractor. Flattery and evil-speaking, says one of the brothers Hare, "are, as the phrase is, the Scylla and Charybdis of the tongue; only they are set side by side, and few tongues are content with falling into one of them; such as have once got into the jaws of either keep on running from one to the other. Those who are too fair-spoken before you are likely to be foul-spoken behind you." Therefore, flattery has a double frightfulness, that it weakens ourselves in virtue and quickens our neighbor in misreporting us. It makes us bad and to seem still more bad—a very witch's extract which turns into two venoms, vanity in our own souls and slander in our neighbor's.

OF GOVERNMENT

I WILL speak first of the best government ideally; secondly, of the best possible, and how to obtain the same.

The best government ideally is the dictatorship of the best and wisest person; and if that person be not only wisest and best of the people as they are, but truly good and wise, and not in comparison with others as men see, but in true goodness and wisdom as God sees, then government by his will would be not only the rule of the greatest goodness and wisdom, but of these same in their most unhindered way; and this

government would be the strongest, the best and the most free. Such a dictatorship would not be government by individual will, but by universal nature and by perfect excellence appearing in the purposes of the governor; his will would be mighty because expressing a law, first over it and then in it. To like effect Samuel Johnson says of the Chinese government: "We must distinguish the imperial sway from the absolutism of a personal will. The Emperor, whose dress in the old time was covered with emblematic figures of sun and moon, dragons and insects, mountains and streams, a composite type of all powers, has this universality purely as a symbol of the State, which means, after the ideal of the family, providence and obedience in their simplest and broadest sense." This, to interpret more plainly, means that the Emperor is not to go his own way willfully, but to will the way of nature loyally. Hence, regulations would be needless, and even hindering; for what regulation, or even what numbers of them, can apply to all cases and forecast all questions which must be judged? But a wise, holy and natural will regulates everything at the instant according to need and nature. Therefore an old poem of the Chinese said: "A noble law is the Emperor Wen's virtue; daily it gives peace to the four regions. If that be so, what need of laws? I have heard that when kingdoms are about to go down they have many laws." Plainly, if a country be enmeshed in laws, it is because there is no wisdom able to judge things, and no will that can be trusted unharnessed. I confess I love to roam among the

stories of the old Caliphs, as the great Haroun; for though it be all romance, mythical lore, that they used to visit under cover of night or under shield of disguises, the haunts and public houses, and the homes of the people, to see with their own eyes what was to be cherished, what restrained, what cured, nevertheless, to me it is a pleasing romance, and to abundant multitudes a precious lore, having in it, I dare to think, a high and glorious ideal of government. Some great kings in the more sober West, and governors under them, to a degree have done the like—as I have read, for instance, of the great Frederick of Prussia. Confucius gave maxims of government thus: “Let there be men got by means of the ruler’s character, and the government will flourish; but without the men the government ceases.” “If the people have no faith in their ruler, there is no standing for the State.” “Precede the people by your example and be laborious in their affairs; do not become weary in these things.” Again in a sentence he describes noble power: “That is good government when those who are near are made happy, and those who are afar are attracted.” Imagination of such fatherly government widespread over multitudes with a strength which is wisdom and sincerity, always has stirred my mind mightily. I wonder not that Schefer thus sings of it, calling it “the highest paternal joy:”

“To be a king, O noblest state of man,
A father of so many thousand fathers,
Of mothers, daughters, sons, and darling babes,
Of mountains full of herds, and forests full
Of game; of field, valley, meadow, fount and stream;

To be a king! To be a king and a good father, too,
Of the young roe and of the trembling hare,
And of the smallest tree beside the road;
By wisely ordering and protecting power
A faithful hand, extended graciously
O'er all the land, that softly leads o'er night
Lost ones to hospitable homes; awakes
From slumber; guides the darling little ones
Early to school; flings wide the temple doors,
A grateful refuge to the burdened soul;
Lends helpers to the sick; to poor folk bread;
Even to the dead secures a holy grave,
And o'er the grave-mound plants the linden tree;
That gives to all each highest gift, nor needs
To take from any what it gives to one,
So that no single child may have to weep.

* * * * *

To be a king, supreme paternal joy!"

I say, then, that the unhindered will of the wisest and best person would be the ideal government; without danger, for I mean one so wise and good that power would be no temptation to selfishness, no maker of fractiousness or mover of wrath or enticer to wealth, but a heavy weight of responsibility. The will of such a magistrate would be the best government, for even if he were not so wise as the combined wisdom of all the wise and good of the nation, perforce he would be better far, both in purposes and in understanding, than the level of all the good and all the bad together in a multitude. Moreover, such wise and best person would surround himself with the wise and good; for, being good, he would have the motive to seek such help, and, being wise, the insight to discover it. To weigh many minds, to take counsel, and to be

able to be instructed—this, indeed, would be but part of his wisdom. Besides, with such informed and pure will to rule and to do, officers being appointed by it, and places wisely filled, without limit of time, all the treacheries of the bad, the plots of the selfish, the schemes of the needy for places, power, profit, would be done away, to the great purification and stability of the public service.

But this ideal best we cannot have, since there is no way to discover the wisest and best person, or even one very good or very wise with certainty. Then, secondly, it is important to devise the best possible government as we are. Now, the traits of this we shall understand if we attend to the things in the ideally best which we have to replace in the best that possibly we can frame. These things are, the will of the wisest and best ruler, and the wisdom and virtue which informed his will. We shall need, therefore, first, instead of his will, some wise method and regulated way, and, secondly, to replace his wisdom and virtue, the highest possible average of these qualities among the electors who choose the governor. Of these in order:

First, as to the method; that is, the definite and regulated way by which the government shall move and its appointments occur. Now, no method is wise that turns not in every point on fitness. For is there any other quality or fact whatever that ought to be considered above fitness? Or any other aim of all the methods, forms, and procedures of government than just to secure fitness in the servants of the peo-

ple? Now, if this be granted, it will be seen as easily that fitness has two parts, namely, fidelity and ability; which I need not argue, for plainly capacity without faithfulness will be selfish and hence abusive, and faithfulness without ability is ineffectual. If now it be the only right and useful aim of methods and forms to obtain fidelity and ability in service, is there anything more ridiculous than time-tenure of office? For by this folly, if once we have got the faithful and the strong, soon we dismiss them, and for no reason except (as wittily has been said) astronomical reasons, because the earth has reached a certain place in the heavens; and against all common sense, for if when chosen the officer was faithful and capable, he has only become the wiser and better by experience. Therefore, if even we be sure to replace him with another as faithful and able, yet we waste skill and experience by the unreasonable change, and must suffer in so far while the successor plods during a like time to the skill which already once was attained, and which the State should have kept to its advantage. As to methods and procedures, therefore, I would say absolutely, that, as they should aim at nothing but fitness, so it is a sheer folly not to provide to keep the fitness when obtained, to do away with all chronometers, whether sidereal or other, in government machinery, and keep the people's servants who with honesty and with strong mind have learned their duties excellently by long practice.

It is a thorough abuse, and a very fruitful perversion, to give public office as a reward. For office

is not a reward of virtue, but a use of it, and to make office a payment or meed of anything of another kind, as, for example, when a successful general or popular idol whatever be raised to magistracy, is a great and corrupting injury. For the only question ought to be of fitness for public usefulness, and office is not given for the benefit of the person, but of the State.

So much of the wherewithal that should replace the will of the wisest and best person, since he can not be had.

As to what we must have instead of his wisdom and virtue, this, I have said, is the highest possible average among the electors. Now, as before it was observed that no method touching public service is good that turns on aught but fitness, so excellence among electors means fitness for choosing governors; and to respect this fitness and to found on it the choice of public servants, is the same as to restrict the suffrage to those worthy of exercising it. Of this point I observe first that such restriction is expedient and right. It is expedient: for as, if we wish to get a good engine, we shall choose a good builder, so if the quality of a public officer be important we shall look to the fitness of the electors. The foolish will not choose the wise and the bad will not choose the good, for this will be to restrain themselves and defeat their plots. As to the right to exact qualifications of electors, surely it is plain that we must exact it in the officer; now if we may require fitness, and examinations or credentials of fitness, in him who is appointed, may we require no test of fitness for appointing him,

or for helping to judge of his fitness? That were ridiculous!

Secondly, as to fitness of electors, I think this ought not to be stationary, but marked by improvement, progress, higher qualification, and a growing standard of fitness to keep pace with the growth, power, education and extension of the state. The qualifications of the electors may grow profitably to higher standards as civilization grows, just as the standards of colleges are raised with the growing complexity of social life, the increase of population, discoveries, arts, sciences, learning. It is reasonable that what would qualify an elector in an abased community, because that qualification then would mark the high points in a low state, would not qualify in a better condition, because then it would grade with the low points in a high state. Therefore, there ought to be a steady rise in the fitness required of electors, however slow or gradual; and this might be effected partially by having the qualification bear some distinct relation to the standards of schools and colleges, so that as these rise the other must follow. This, too, would tend to the advantage of education by giving a stronger motive for the wider diffusion of it.

Now, thirdly, as to the kind of qualification that may be exacted of electors, this should be determined by the two elements or parts of fitness as before mentioned, namely, fidelity and ability. On the moral side, that is of faithfulness, any immorality should debar from suffrage which is of a kind to affect the community, to degrade citizenship, to endanger the public

interests, and hence is known to the laws and banned by the statutes on that account, like vagrancy, idleness, drunkenness, fraud, licentiousness, gambling; for plainly no one who breaks the law should help make it, nor is he a true citizen of the State whose conduct is hurtful to it. On the mental side, that is of ability, it will be right that some age should be named; and though whenever arbitrary limits be set, some hardship will be wrought in some cases, yet no other way is possible; and it is right to set so great an age that fairly we may presume fitness of knowledge and self-control when it is reached. Next, reading and writing should be qualifications, because these are the lowest possible standards of the schools, and after this so much more of education should be required as is plainly within the reach of all who have the moral qualifications aforesaid, by reason of the numbers and standards of the schools, and all the means of education that flourish in the community. For whoso then would not be willing and ready to take advantage of the means and acquire the standard would prove either a mind unable, or a morality unsound, and so in either case a character unfit for the solemnity of suffrage.

But, if any be excluded from voting for such reasons, will not a State, some will say, be composed then of citizens and non-citizens? And is this right? For ought not all to be citizens of the commonwealth in which certainly they make a part? But this will be answered if we ask carefully what a citizen is. Aristotle says a citizen is any one who has a right to

“share in the judicial and executive parts of government.” And in another place: “We must either affirm that those who share in the community are not citizens, or else let these share in the advantages of government.” But here the philosopher has not defined wisely, and elsewhere has corrected himself; for, speaking of boys, he says they “are not citizens in the same manner that men are, for men are perfectly so, but boys under some conditions, for they are citizens, though imperfect ones;” and in another place, “We admit that they are in some respects citizens, yet not completely so.” Now this last is the correct notion, and leads to this principle, that when a State is based on the participation of all those who are fit and worthy to have political function, of such a state all persons are citizens by nature whose disabilities, if they have any at one time, may disappear by time itself or by their own efforts, like the young who grow older, the ignorant who may learn, the bad who may reform. Now, of all who are citizens by nature, those are citizens in fact, and do actually exercise the function of citizenship, who have attained the fitness. But not to exercise citizenship in fact is not the same thing as to be no citizen at all, for there still remains the citizenship by nature; that is, persons disabled in fact are still citizens, but imperfect ones, as Aristotle calls boys. This is like the law or nature of a family, where all are members, and all well beloved, and the family exists for all; but all are not on the same terms of power, the younger with the older, because they are not fit as yet. But the younger are wards of the

family, to be trained and admitted to the authority of age in time; that is, when age comes, and authority and the fitness thereto with it. So citizens by nature, imperfect citizens from whatever cause, are wards of the State, to be cherished and guided until they be brought to completeness of citizenship.

Notwithstanding that this is very simple doctrine, it is wonderful how clamorous are people against it. Wherefore, I will ask, should public power be the only thing for which fitness is not consulted? Should a function in the State be cast into the air to fall on whom it may, and be the only thing which thus men toss about to take its chance? Rather contrariwise. Political power of all things should be vested most jealously, and with those worthy to exercise it; that is, capable of judging and acting for the common good. Aristotle says:

“The political state is founded not for the purpose of men’s merely living together, but for their living as men should; for which reason those who contribute most to this end, deserve to have greater power in the State than others.”

Algernon Sidney teaches the same, much at length, in many places of his “Discourses Concerning Government.” He says:

“Magistrates are distinguished from other men by the power with which the law invests them for the public good. He that can not or will not procure that good destroys his own being and becomes like to other men. In matters of the greatest importance *detur digniori* is the voice of nature; all her most sacred laws are perverted if this be not observed in the disposition of governments; and all are neglected or violated if they are not put into the hands of such as excel in all manner

of virtues; for they only are worthy of them and they only can have a right who are worthy, because they only can perform the end for which they are instituted."

And in another place Sidney says:

"That equality which is just among equals is just only among equals. But such as are base, ignorant, vicious, slothful, or cowardly, are not equal in natural or acquired virtues to the generous, wise, valiant and industrious, nor equally useful to the societies in which they live; they can not, therefore, have an equal part in the government of them; they can not equally provide for the common good; and 'tis not a personal, but a public benefit that is sought in their constitution and continuance."

And again:

"Law, which is said to be written reason, can not justly exalt those whom nature, which is reason, has depressed, nor depress those whom nature has exalted. It can not make kings slaves nor slaves kings without introducing that evil which, if we believe Solomon, and the spirit by which he spoke, the earth can not bear."

In which remark Sidney refers to the saying in the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, that "a servant when he reigneth" is something "which the earth can not bear."

Thomas Hughes mentions, following Asser, the King's friend, that whenever the great and good Alfred found an unjust judge who said he had judged ill because he knew no better, the King said to him, "I wonder truly at your rashness that whereas by God's favor and mine you have occupied the rank and office of the wise, you have neglected the studies and labors of the wise. Either therefore at once give up the discharge of those duties which you hold, or en-

deavor more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom." And Asser goes on to relate:

"At these words, the aldermen, earls, and prefects would tremble, and endeavor to turn all their thoughts to the study of justice; so that, wonderful to say, almost all his earls, prefects, and officers, though unlearned from their cradles, were sedulously bent on acquiring learning, choosing rather laboriously to acquire the knowledge of a new discipline than to resign their functions. But if any one of them, from old age or slowness of mind, were unable to make progress in liberal studies, the King commanded his son, if he had one, or one of his kinsmen, or, if there were no other person to be had, one of his own freedmen or servants whom he had before advanced to the office of reading, to recite Saxon books before him day and night, whenever he had any leisure."

Aristotle urges this doctrine of fitness to the length that if a man, he says, be found very far above others in virtue and wisdom, "it is fit that such a one should appear like a god amongst men;" and again:

"It seems not right to turn out such a person and to banish him, nor does it seem right to subject him to trial, for that would be like desiring to share the power with Jupiter and to govern him. Nothing then remains but what indeed seems natural, and that is for all persons quietly to submit to one who is thus eminently virtuous, and to let such men be kings perpetually in the respective States."

And in another place on the same subject:

"Whenever a whole family, or any one person, shall happen so far to excel in virtue as to surpass all other persons in the community, then it is right that the kingly power should be vested in them; or, if it is an individual who does so, that he should be king and lord of all. * * * As it would not be right to kill or banish such a one for his superior merit, neither would it be proper to let him have the supreme power only in

turn; for it is contrary to nature that what is highest should ever be lowest; but this is the case should such a one ever be governed by others."

In this matter we must deal with facts as best we can, and we can not marshal them in their rational order because some of them we can not discover, as they are secrets of human character, in which we grope blindly and make many blunders; but much is gained if we confess our shortcoming and acknowledge the ideal of nature, how far soever we be below it. To this purpose David Wasson has these wise words:

"We must admit the wise and the stupid, the high-minded and the sordid, as political equivalents, since we know not how to draw a fixed line between them; nevertheless, they are moral equivalents nowhere, nor more at the polls than elsewhere; and those who are not moral equivalents can not have the same right to determine the obligations and direct the conduct of the community. * * * I grant that unequal men must be admitted more or less to equal power. Shear off as we may the excesses of ultra-democracy, this necessity will remain; but when an external and conventional necessity gets into men's heads as an ideal right, it has conquered what should command it."

For lack of this doctrine, or I may say this natural allegiance of man to man, according to the marks of nature, which is a dignified and honorable allegiance, popular forms of government have degraded their aims and turned toward equality, not excellence. This Aristotle perceived plainly, and said, "An aristocracy (by which the philosopher means the power of the best, albeit a few) seems most likely to confer the honors of the State on the virtuous, for virtue is the object of

an aristocracy, riches of an oligarchy, and liberty (by which, I think, the philosopher means equality) of a democracy." And again: "In a democracy equality is measured by numbers and not by worth." And he even lays it down that in a democracy carried to its extreme event, the magistrates must be chosen by lot, since this is the only complete equality. This trait, he avers, led the democracies to establish ostracism, "for, of a truth, equality seems the principal object of their government. * * * And fabulous histories relate that the Argonauts left Hercules behind since they were unwilling he should have command of the Argo and the other ships because he excelled the other sailors in valor." Plutarch has given the same account of the custom, saying that the Athenians banished Themistocles, "making use of the ostracism to humble his eminence and authority, as they ordinarily did with all whom they thought too powerful or by their greatness disproportionable to the equality thought requisite in a popular government; for the ostracism was instituted not so much to punish the offender as to mitigate and pacify the violence of the envious, who delighted to humble eminent men, and who by fixing this disgrace upon them, might vent some part of their rancor." And, speaking of the banishment of Aristides, Plutarch says the people "gave their jealousy of his reputation the name of fear of tyranny." I know not whether there be anything more contrary to good citizenship, more hostile to the honor and prosperity of the State, or more servile in itself for whatever soul feels it, than such a jealousy of excellence, and such a

digging down of mountains till there be naught left but a plain, without refreshment, which then is called equality. To have no instinctive and reverential obedience, turning heartily toward superior excellence with veneration and service, is an odious barrenness of spirit, wherein grows nothing but burrs of envy and every slavish meanness. It is a brute trait, whereby men treat themselves as each a tiger in his den, or as wolves in a pack or worms in the ground; for these, each after his kind, are all alike, one tiger to another, and every wolf to his fellow, and one worm to all worms. Indeed, I would set it forth as a rule of magistracy, and a proper test for office, that he who wants power is the one who should not have it. Commonly, if persons associate much in life, as in partnership or in marriage, the one who has the most will to rule is like to be the one of the least wisdom to rule; and I know not why this applies not to collections of men, even unto the total collection, which is the state. For no one will ever itch to rule who first has learned the quiet dignity of obedience. "The moral sense of Jotham's wise parable is eternal," says Sidney; "the bramble coveted the power which the vine, olive and fig tree refused; the worst and basest of men are ambitious of the highest places, which the best and wisest reject."

Have a care to understand what tyranny is and what liberty is; for of a truth I know of no words bandied about more loosely, wildly, and I may say vilely, than these same, albeit we live in a government that can but go sadly astray unless we understand the

nature of these things. Tyranny lies not in any form of government, for any form is good and just if it agree with the nature of the people and with their stage of progress. Tyranny dwells only in a personal will broken away from the natural bounds of law. Aristotle says a tyrant is simply a ruler "whose object is his own advantage and not the advantage of those whom he governs." But wherever there is submissiveness to higher law, which is the law of nature, and to the laws of the State that express the same, there is liberty and not tyranny, be the form what it may. Where tyranny exists, it may be in two kinds. First, there may be tyranny of purpose. Anything is tyranny instantly, what form soever the government has, when the ruler, or officer howsoever he be placed in power, seeks his own good or advantage above the common prosperity. Secondly, there may be tyranny of method: this is where the governor seeks the common good, indeed, but by ways that are willful and personal, unmindful of the law which should govern his action, whatsoever his motive, and which is the law of nature. Both sorts of tyranny are bad, but this last kind not so intolerable as the former, for it is defect, but without infamy. The tyranny of purpose is infamous; and it may exist in full and poisonous blossom where the methods apparently are very popular, and in a democratic power as well as in any other; and the tyranny, whatever the kind of State, is the same.

I much fear that this country has treated liberty with as great indecency as if a horse should trample a

rich garden, distinguishing neither beautiful nor fruit-bearing plants, neither wood-making nor medicinal, thinking them all one for fodder. Democracy has become, unless I mistake, a kind of test or shibboleth, by which we try men and measures; and this is the same as to say that it is merely a word which is powerful with us, and not the wide and true notion of what the word means. But we must define the true import of words, and not be slaves to syllables; for democracy in form is not necessarily people-power in fact, but power perhaps of a few, who cajole the many and so lead and use the people for their own ends. For it is notorious that times without number and in countless cases this has been the actual democracy we have lived in. What is the word that it should be a battle cry, or a test of faith, power, liberty, or any excellence? Democracy is no more than a name of a certain political condition in which all power is delegated by popular election, under the votes of all the people. "It rests," says Wasson, "upon the doctrine that so far as concerns political matters every man is the moral equivalent of every other, therefore entitled to an equal voice in determining the obligations of the community." The opposite of this is aristocracy, which, on the contrary, says Wasson, is a system that "gives to a limited number a position of superiority, determined by birth, not by merit, and so continued in hereditary succession from age to age." Now of these two, neither makes distinctions of fitness for political power, and so, however opposite in form,

they are one in the worst way in which they can agree, which Wasson puts thus:

"These two systems, diametrically opposed as they seem, agree in one fundamental particular. By both all natural, all real, distinctions are ignored; in both alike knowledge and ignorance, intelligence and stupidity, nobleness and sordidness, are placed on an artificial level. Aristocracy says that some men are peers by virtue of their birth from a certain lineage; democracy, that all men are peers by virtue of their birth as human beings. Both, in short, are conventional systems, and to the extent of the agreement here noted, conventional in the same way."

These words of this calm thinker lead to this consequence, that a man preaching the doctrine of fitness for political power, equally would be denounced by both parties; for if in a company of aristocrats such a man should say fitness and not fortune should be the foundation of political power, he would be scouted as a democrat; but if among democrats, he should reason that not merely residence or being alive, or going into a place, or being a man, or any other conditions or circumstances, but fitness only, should give power in government and participation in political action, he would be hustled as an aristocrat; yet his doctrine would be the same. Surely a strange fact, and one to make us think carefully where the truth may lie! Indeed we need thought, and no people ever more than we now, for truly we are drowned in a word out of all reach of the living air of the idea. Wasson says: "The system we prefer will lose the service of our wits when we suffer the very extremity of our predilection for it to confound them;" and again:

“Institutions, like individuals, have their leanings and limitations; and as no man is mankind, so no political system is the perfect embodiment of political truth. Hence every such system, if it is long to endure as a form of productive and progressive life, must receive both nourishment and correction from the truths it does not contain. From whom is it to get those necessary succors? Only from those of whose heads it has not so taken possession that all their thoughts must needs bear its impress? Only from those who have some sufficient power to look about them with fresh, unbiassed eyes, as if in a new-made world? But what if there are none such? It is not of good augury. When democracy, or whatever system, has so far prevailed over the best intelligences that they can speak only in its dialect, think only in its moulds, and judge only by its standards, it has prevailed quite too far for its own health. * * * Hence the need of those who, taking part in our democracy as good citizens, shall do so as men swim in the sea; that is, with the head out.”

Unless the head be lifted above the system or method, what shall rescue the object of the method from the imperfections of the method? Let it be understood that the system is of vast effect, and a bad one will overthrow good men because bad men so well can work it. I deny not that the most potent fact is the moral condition of the people; and perhaps Machiavelli went not too far, or but little, in saying, as Sidney quotes him, that “where the body of the people is not corrupted, tumults and disorders do no hurt, and where it is corrupted, good laws do no good.” It is the common dictum of reformers that laws make not the people, but the condition of the people makes the laws, and that wise and good law cannot be put into act if it be beyond the wisdom and goodness of the

people. Nevertheless, we must look closely to the system which we set up, for this is a tool, and the best workman will work but ill with a wretched tool. To the system, I say, not merely to this or that man; for the system is as the whole body which is to be kept in health, but bad men are the sores of the disordered or ill-constituted body politic. In this country many times we have deposed and banished bad magistrates and officers; and whenever we have had good ones, so bad is our system that we have deposed these also at a certain time; but immediately we have placed others in power in the same system which has produced the bad ones. Now, it is not easy for men to pervert a proper tool, or easy for one good tool well fitted for its work to make some other kind of thing; as, for example, a man may bore ill with an auger or cut but poorly with a saw, and then we need a more skillful man to use the tools according to their purposes; but who can cut with an auger as the saw cuts, or bore with the saw as the gimlet bores? So, when we see a system lead or fall to certain kind of men, continually and after many changes of the men, it is like that the system is such as to make them, especially if they be extreme examples of their kind, for then the system has had free scope, like a tool well handled. But, as says Sidney, "those nations that are more generous, who set a higher value upon liberty and better understand the ways of preserving it, think it a small matter to destroy a tyrant unless they can also destroy the tyranny." Yet in this foolish way we act, setting aside one after another of corrupted magistrates who

have despoiled us tyrannously, but leaving the tyranny itself intact; for our tyranny is a system whose soul is the insensate idea of a democracy, that as to political power all men are equivalents and each counts one, whatever differences of moral or mental state there may be, of knowledge, abilities, experience, worthiness.

The ethical effects of government form a great subject, for they deserve to be traced in detail and far out to their events. I believe it possible that corruption in the high places of government may set flowing streams of dishonesty throughout the land, till the very lad at school shall turn to thieving, as he may catch a pestilence from the air. I believe that purity, unselfishness and a noble conscience as to political responsibility in the high places equally may irrigate all the domain, however vast, with rills of ethical refreshment which shall make the whole soil fruitful of virtue, peace and wealth. For who can count the ways, the thousands of streams—for even the main rivers flow by thousands—and then the tens of thousands of brooks, and their branches again to tens of thousands of little rills, which at last break forth beside every door, springs of refreshment of the power politic, or else filthy ooziings of base plots. James Mill has set this in the strong light of human ambition: he says:

“When the political machine is such that the grand objects of desire are seen to be the natural prize of great and virtuous conduct, of high services to mankind, and of the generous and amiable sentiments from which great endeavors in the service

of mankind naturally proceed, it is natural to see diffused among mankind a generous ardor in the acquisition of all those admirable qualities which prepare a man for admirable actions; great intelligence, perfect self-command, an over-ruling benevolence. When the political machine is such that the grand objects of desire are seen to be the reward not of virtue, not of talent, but of subservience to the will and command over the affections of the ruling few [or of the ruling many, I may add, for what matters whether many or few if they be unfit?]; interest with the *man above* to be the only sure means to the next step in wealth, or power, or consideration, and so on, the means of pleasing the man above become, in that case, the great object of pursuit."

Aristotle has the like thought, applying it equally to the tyranny of the many and the tyranny of the few; for he says:

"A demagogue with an unregulated democracy is like the flatterer among the others, and both these two classes abound with each, flatterers with tyrants and demagogues among such a people."

From this reasoning I conclude that all procedure in government, as before said at length, should require naught whatever but fitness. And therefore, that, having fit servants, we should keep them while their fitness wanes not, and especially while it grows by experience; and that for the getting of fit servants, we must have fit electors; and that of these the fitness ought not to be fixed, but move in an ascending scale as knowledge grows in the community, and that this fitness should be held disproved by illiteracy according to the standards of the time and place, and by any immorality which is injurious to citizenship. Especially, how difficult soever it be to apply these quali-

fications in any degree, and impossible in perfection, yet he whose mind does not glow for them as for an ideal, or who derides them either wantonly or fanatically, is but a sorry friend of liberty.

OF HAND-WRITING

SHALL I write slowly to be shapely? or swiftly to create the more matter? Perhaps the more slowly is better, even though the matter entice. There is much in a sign manual. *Manus* not only meant hand and hand-writing, among the Romans, but power, as that which often comes from use of the hand—*in manu tua est*, it is in your hands. Now the value of the hand goes into the act or work of it; therefore, though matter be really more than manner, yet is the manner of some worth, and a neat page not to be despised. A wise woman said to a slovenly fellow: "Take heed of your looks, for no one will think you sell jewels if you hang out the sign of a junk-shop."

There must be some reason in us why we do anything so and not otherwise; and this reason many, yea all, share with us in our time and place. Wherefore all act both alike and unlike, having a sphere of unity and again an area of difference. It is so with hand-writing. Examine specimens a hundred years old, and they all will have a likeness among themselves, and also a like unlikeness to the present style. For each

man writes a double hand, shared in part with all persons about him and in part all his own.

What doubt that our moral condition or situation has a part in our motions? Assuredly also in our handwriting. I have heard that there is a criminal chirography, which keen observers have learned to know, who thereby may detect the correspondence of criminals in the mails. I know not how much this may be possible, or how little. Yet our visible parts tell of our inward being; and what signs we know not now, by and by we shall learn. Emerson says: "Character teaches over our head; if a man have not found his home in God, his manners, his form of speech, the turn of his sentences, the build—shall I say?—of all his opinions, will involuntarily confess it, let him brave it out how he will." I know not if the hand be less morally sensitive than the whole body, which acts in behavior as Emerson says, or than the mouth, which fits the form of speech and the style of pronunciation; though it is wonderful that there should be certain kinds of marks or shapes, curves, angles, which any one must make who has thievery in his heart. Again, there will be vicious or cruel handwriting, and that, again, which marks a soiled imagination. There must be possible, as I have said, a science of this fact, and what is possible will become actual. Then it will be known, and by exact rules laid down, in what way two men, or a hundred men, will write alike if they are thieves, how otherwise differently soever. Nay, such manual disclosure will take account of the heart, and not of the act only. For the thievish heart thus will

be compelled to write itself down, though temptation and time to rob be wanting. We shall say not only "*Literae scriptae manent*," but *In literis scriptis manet homo*.

I have heard shoemakers say that each one inevitably can recognize his own work, not by sewing or color or material, but by its peculiar minute individuality, like to a hand-writing. Also telegraphers, I have been told, learn readily the sound of their fellow's manner. If the soul can be kept out of anything, what would we think could catch less of it than the click of an electro-magnet? Yet operators know the peculiar tick of the styles of their associates in distant cities as readily as we descry the hand-writing of a friend. Surely, thus the soul casts a long shadow, while yet the day of knowledge is but little spent! Like to the action of the body, obedient to the state of the mind, so is the shape of the body, of hand or face or other parts. It is not so difficult to read these marks as to explore the intricate varieties of hand-writing; indeed, much progress has been made therein. But to know the meaning of every little curve, whether in the hand and other parts or in what the hand traces, we shall await millennial knowledge, when mind shall reach its highest observation and men's bosoms have their least to conceal.

Some moral reflections occur on this matter. Science turns on us an eye which perhaps will enforce a better morality. It is not so easy to do ill when discovery is certain by witness of the involuntary turn of our wrist or fingers. This virtue, indeed, will not be

a noble goodness; but how large a part of our seeming grace is prudence or fear? Again, if the outward thus must conform to the inward, and what we are really in soul repeat itself in our motions, even in the trembling of our fingers holding a pen, a beauty in the outward is then a signal or pennant of harmony within. Therefore it is a happiness to see how much beauty the human race already has attained, how pleasant with good faces and agreeable looks a social party is, how shapely are many heads, how fine the dome thereof, how excellent the eye!—for these are but the drapery of good chambers in the soul.

Often I have observed that when persons look alike in features they move alike also, so that they will have the same poise of hand or gesture, because the soul that shapes the features shapes also the curves of the muscles of motion. Therefore if persons write alike, though little they look alike or otherwise move alike, the likeness of writing will not be without its reason; and if we know the character of one, we may conclude safely therefrom to the character of the other. It will not be easy to say in what traits they resemble each other, since it cannot be in all traits, unless the writing be precisely the same. Notwithstanding, this may serve sometimes as a useful caution, and one may argue safely a wide resemblance in proportion to the likeness of the writing.

OF KNOWLEDGE

WOLLASTON thus sums up his volume, "The Religion of Nature Delineated": "For a conclusion of the whole matter, let our conversation in this world, so far as we are concerned and able, be such as acknowledges everything to be what it is." It is common report that things look not always as they are. Knowledge of anything is to have it in the mind as it is in fact. This is so important that Wollaston, as above, has identified it even with religion; and rightly, if we allow the universe to be good and divine; for then Nature's order will appear excellent and worshipful when we see it as it is.

Knowledge, among divers conditions, has these two—that what we know of anything will depend—first, on our size relatively to it, and, secondly, on our distance from it. For if we are too far away, we shall not see it at all; and if too near, we shall be entangled in its parts, not seeing it in unity; while if in mind or body we be not large enough to couple with the object, our best understanding will be but piecemeal knowledge, not seeing the whole as it is. For illustration or instance, take a mite whose feet tickle our finger; to the insect we must appear as to our body very differently from the manner in which we must see the creature. In like manner, we perceive a great mountain, which is unknown to the squirrel sporting on it, and more hid still from the cicada nibbling a

leaf in the forest on it. A ball hurled from a gun across our vision and close to us, at a thousand miles an hour we cannot see; but we see the moon well, though its speed is more than two thousand miles an hour. By reason of the distance, the moon seems even not to move at all; and if we were not large enough in mind to study the moon, how could we know its motion, or how think of it except as done in leaps, since we could not observe the transition? If we were not much larger creatures in Nature's eye—which judges always according to power of thought—than a basin of water, we might be amazed to find it warm to one hand and cold to the other (as Berkeley has set forth), and led, perhaps, to fantastic dreams of two natures in one—as many as ever amused a mediæval Aristotelian. These instances—and many more, easily multiplied—will show how distance and relative size affect knowledge, which I shall take as allowed.

Now, as to knowledge of our own selves—herein relative size is done away, since the knower and the object are the same; but the requirement of due distance remains, for by effort of thought we can step apart and look at ourselves afar off. Justice and wisdom regarding ourselves wait on the distance we can go in mind from the small private circle of interests, emotions, prejudices, habits, which are implacable foes of understanding. Sidney Smith says:

“It is a great thing toward making right judgments, if a man know what allowance to make for himself, and what discount should habitually be given to his opinions, according as he is old or young, French or English, clergyman or layman, rich or poor, torpid or fiery, healthy or ill, sorrowful or gay.”

But it is a rare gift to have the wish, rarer the power, to break from the tumults of experience and climb a far hill of judgment, from which coigne to see the valley of our passions. We have great power to see the truth when the truth is all we wish to see; but what is easier than to credit what we desire? and can a man deceive any one so easily as himself? Whoever will be informed as to himself (the most thrifty of all knowledge for happiness and power) must take post of sight far enough to dissolve the crafty biases which keep us stunted, meager, fractious.

As to knowledge of our fellow-creatures—herein both conditions apply. We shall judge our fellows well according as we compare with them in size, that is, in stature of mind, and as we view them from a distance; but the far view means freedom from prejudice. As to all animals, higher and lower—our fellow-beings—a man's soul is gauged by his sympathy. Whoso has only a kick for a dog is a shabby creature of his kind, a reversion to our far precursors which had hoofs, of whom the most famous, according to a strange popular fable, as if to curse the vulgarity of a kick, was the devil. The donkey in the fable—whose huge bulk had no fiber tuned to the nightingale's song—to the mind's eye, in respect of music, was no more than a mite compared to that little feather-breast on the tree-top. Whoever fails of loving what is below him will fail of worshipping what is above him. Relish of the sight of any excellence,—what purer satisfaction? What we think of as the supreme blessedness of the Most High—was it ever better writ than

in the one sentence: "And God saw all that He had made, and behold, *it was very good*"?

Regarding our fellow-human beings, plainly the conditions apply. Whoso begins to traduce another or gossip glibly will halt awhile if he ask whether he be certainly large enough to understand the object of his dislike. For notably it is the best men of the world who have been most maligned. If a man take no measure of himself in judging others, and no account of jealousy or of many other passions, or of those strange personal attractions and aversions which none can escape, he will stumble into dark pits under pretense of seeking his neighbor therein. But after this precaution, then remains the second condition, the distant view-point, that is, the sifting out of pre-judgments. But here enters a caution—indifference of mind is not openness of mind; it is not sight from a far coigne of vantage; it is no sight. It is not philosophic poise, but malign prejudice and fatal incapacity. If a man enjoy only shadows and lights, will he be quick as to colors? Are untuneful ears unbiased as to music? Foolish to put a savage, on account of his indifference, to judge of Wagner, for untunableness as to all sounds is the worst prejudice as to Wagner's sounds. Nay, even if a man have a tunable ear and an eye for parterres and rainbows, indifference to any master in those forms is not a capacity for criticism. Give me the help of a warm lover of a person or an artist, so he be sensible and frank; for thus, though I may know less of faults, surely I shall sun myself in the stronger ray of virtues, which chiefly I wish to see.

As to knowledge of nature—herein both conditions apply; but relative size means nobility of soul. For if the glorious order of the earth and heavens express divinity, who can know it whose bodily fibers thrill only to appetite and whose mind digs in clay? The second condition—distance of view—means knowledge, that is, mental vision which takes sight of nature at long range and in unity. For as we can not get outside of nature nor find any point more central or better to see from than where we are, so we can take a large sweep and gather a multitude into one thought only by the mind's eye. The many things marshal forth one meaning by the army of species, genera, orders, kingdoms, with rhythmical movement. But to the bare sense this is hidden, being the domain of mind. To ignorance, which can not arrive at this far look, this sweep of knowledge-vision, nature must seem to go on piecemeal—from which comes a mean and sordid life and an abased form of religion.

OF MEDITATION

By meditation I mean not merely thinking; for that may be a wrestling with problems of philosophy, or of physics, or of affairs. Still less I mean abstraction of mind; for one may be drowned in dreams, by day or by night. There is an intent revelry of the mind which yet no more is meditation than riddles are studies, or games labor. Meditation is a strong and quiet attention of the mind to high and noble

ideas. This definition states two qualities. Meditation is first quietness. We live in a great din. It is well to see (for who sees it not will have but narrow sympathies and understand little that occurs around him) that the noise is often a noble uproar, "deep calling unto deep," the clamor of wonderful machinery, of great labors, of human struggles, of heroes' voices. But storms, though grand, must sink if the sea is to show the stars. Meditation, secondly, must be power of will and strength of attention, being like a flight to great heights wherein wings must be plied hard though joyfully.

William Law says: "Meditate on great things, and your soul will soon grow great and noble by so meditating upon them." 'Tis worth a look by what ways meditation of greatness will create greatness in us. Yet who can number the ways? For what great exercise of mind or of heart is there, which has not ten thousand touches and minglings, and flows not to the sea of life by a delta of innumerable mouths? To follow two or three of these is good exercise; and to go with one to the sea will instruct more than to look at the host of them where they divide.

One way of meditation to make us grow great and noble is that it brings us into great company. For as a sage wished "that virtue might assume a visible form," so the mind constantly clothes grandeur with shape, looking at it not as a spread of power in the sky, but as a soul and life in some person. Therefore to meditate on high and sacred things is to bring be-

fore us often great spirits, whether historical from the past or known only to our own eye in the present, who are clothed with those virtues or whose lives are the garments of the greatest thoughts. Thus to meditate is to look often into faces which appear before us with a fixed grandeur, their features set as if by a chisel or brush into a noble expression without change. Now, to keep great company is to grow in greatness. Lowell has said that the dignity of the elder masters of English writing sprang from the great books they consorted with, there being but few at hand, and those the loftiest: "they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato," and grew to the grand manner of that grand company. Can one go to the presence of a brave man full of simplicity and not be glorified?—as Michael Angelo said that when he read Homer, "he looked at himself to see if he were not twenty feet in height." And who ever lives long and often with such spirits, must not he come to see how great the greatness and what a reality the goodness which those souls so shine with?

Meditation has another way of ennoblement, but parallel, namely, that it lifts the mind up above ourselves. Here returns (for indeed the thoughtful mind will find it rising everywhere) that wisdom of the Stoics which divided all things into two classes, "the things in our power and the things not in our power." Now by meditation we rise to "the things not in our power," but in whose power we are. Action and business are in those things which we rule and turn this way and that, as we will or as our

strength is; but meditation lifts to the things in whose hands we are as wax; to the principles wherein we see that

“Whoso fights and whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore,”

and behold

“aloft the red right arm
Straight redress the eternal scales.”

Then we look on the awful certainty of the moral law, to see which confers both a glory and a standard on us; a glory, because we must come into agreement with it, and what glory is greater than obedience, since, as a German poet has said, “The law of God is *thy* law, otherwise it could not be thy *law*!” and a standard, because when we weigh our deeds meditation will offer a comparison, not with this one or that other one, or with a common level, as if we did well enough if as well as others, but with principles whose light we have risen into.

Another power of meditation comes close beside these, namely, that by going often thus to the presence of noble and great things we learn to know their look, so as to see them when they come to our presence. It holds firmly that unless we grow familiar with the countenance of greatness by often looking at it, so as then to know it when it comes face to face with us in the world, we shall gather no grandeur at all; because we can not contrive greatness, but only recognize and take it as it goes by or as nature pours it out. If often we have meditated on heroism, and especially on its countenance in the common affairs of

life, we shall know a hero when we see him. But otherwise, how know him?—nay, how avoid mistaking him for the fustian or the tinsel of his garments? For certainly, selfish villains as well as heroes have been thrown to the lions and died with daring. If we have meditated what love is, and how we shall act if it be good and strong, then we shall know a heart of it when we see it, and shall revere it; yes, we shall believe it a great genius and glorious faculty equal to high powers of music or of eloquence, so that a mother over her child, or friend whose love is like the horizon, or a prophet whose heart tears him for the oppressed, will seem as great as Homer for his epics. Now, to become acquainted with these sublime things so as to know them by the wayside, is to be made great as to these things; for, he who knows instantly the beautiful wherever it issue, has a nature that is ennobled in respect of beauty; so, in respect of virtue, love, heroism, religion. If the eye be instructed, then we know charms of color and of form; and their import comes to harbor in us, from wheresoever hailing. If the ear be made fine by much listening, straightway the harmonies of sound and the beauties of rhythm are caught as they fly. Now the eye and ear that instantly can perceive beauties and salute them, have become great and noble organs. So is the soul great and noble when it knows immediately the things that belong to the soul, wheresoever they be.

One other channel by which meditation pours greatness I will follow, namely, that it leads us to a

knowledge of ourselves; I mean not of what we may have done with ourselves, but of what our true nature is. It is familiar that the Greeks laid great stress on this knowledge, and summed up all wisdom in the command, "Know thyself." How can anything seem to us sublime that is really so unless we know what is truly ourselves and is made to see sublimity and to rejoice in it? Emerson says: "What the heart declares great is great." Yes, indeed, if the heart have knowledge of itself, that it is human and what it is to be human; for then it will know the things to be sublime that truly are so. But if the heart have no knowledge of itself above what it shares with dumb creatures, it will think a bone or a crust to be great. William Law says: "When a right knowledge of ourselves enters into our mind, it makes as great a change in all our thoughts and apprehensions as when we awake from the wanderings of a dream. * * * My children, there are things in the world which pass for wisdom, politeness, grandeur, happiness and fine breeding, which show as great ignorance of ourselves, and might as justly pass for thorough madness, as when a man fancies himself to be glass or ice." Now we shall know what our nature is by meditation, often asking ourselves 'What am I? What ought I to live for? What is the real and true good and the most valuable thing to such a creature as I am?' Nay, we should put a quotidian question, thus: What great or sublime thing have I thought of this day? Is it not reasonable to think a day wasted in which we can recall nothing grand and quiet filling

us, but only noisy things? Plainly, if so we will question, it is in the power of meditation to make us in fact what by nature's intention we are.

We mistake if we think meditation requires leisure, for there may be quiet without leisure. But must we not be faithful to the noisy cares? Yes, and that is to give them their place; but not more than their place. What that place is each one must meditate for himself. But the busiest and the hardest worked can find time and quiet. Truly, little time is needful in order to think much. For as but a swift glance is enough to catch the glory of a great landscape, or only a little lingering is necessary to observe many peculiar beauties in it, so but a brief turn of the mind to sublime thoughts will give us their light and power. It seems to be not the vast things, but the immense multitude of little, like insects in a forest, which eat up the fruit of time. Aurelius says: "To-day I have got out of all trouble, or rather I have cast out all trouble, for it was not outside but within, and in my opinions." But what? say we; are we to feel no sorrows? Confound not sorrow, which is divine and high, with trouble, which is menial and frivolous. A poet says:

"Sorrow none can feel

But he who has his heart filled full with love,
Beauty, truth, freedom and fidelity.

* * * * *

Sorrow is next of kin to joy itself,
Health, honor, freedom and the sense of right."

Trouble is immersion in littlenesses. Aurelius says again: "Do the things external which fall on thee

distract thee? Give thyself time to learn something new and good, and cease to be whirled around."

OF COMMON SENSE

I FIND three meanings of common sense,—that it is the sense of the multitude, the common level or reach of opinion; or that it is sound, equitable sense and strong understanding; or that it is the *consensus* or agreement of the persons who are greatest in the faculty or affairs in question.

As to the first meaning, I have found a writer of fifty years ago who makes "some uncommon remarks on common sense." He considers it to be opinions and feelings in unison with the greater portion of the race or society in which one's lot is cast. To say that one has common sense this author thinks is no great praise; or, in his own words, "it implies more praise than censure to want" common sense; for to ascribe it to a man is simply to say "that he thinks with his age or country," according to the habit or fashion of the hour; which fashion, how correct soever in some matters, in the whole domain of knowledge will be more error than truth. The writer instances; he says:

"There are many things which were contrary to common sense in former ages, both in philosophy and religion, which are now universally believed, insomuch that to call them in question is to discover a want of judgment or a defective education."

On the other hand:

"It is agreeable to the common sense of a great part of mankind to revenge public or private injuries by wars and

duels; and yet no wise or just reason has ever been given to justify the practice of either of them. * * * We find the most acceptable men in practical society have been those who have never shocked their cotemporaries by opposing popular or common opinions. Men of opposite characters, like objects placed too near the eye, are seldom seen distinctly by the age in which they live. They must content themselves with the prospect of being useful to the distant and more enlightened generations which are to follow."

These remarks give not the whole account of common sense, and yet they have a justice. Their circle is too small, but correct in curve. Plainly, whatever men make common sense to be, their judgment and measure of it is the current opinion of their neighborhood, because they are disquieted with anything contrary to the settled condition of things; and the prejudice or habit that gathers about this established state is in truth their common sense.

No great teacher ever lived and set himself to show others how to live who was not proscribed for lack of common sense; that, too, by reason of deeds or views which afterward were thought his greatest glories. Therefore Emerson says: "It is the uncivil man that makes the world move;" for he is uncivil who stands against *mores civiles*, and will not breathe the "one vogue, one vein, one air of thoughts," which is the wont. Nevertheless, whoso pays no heed whatever to plain paths long beaten will not walk wisely. Ancient agreement and long concurrence of many men have a right of authority in reason. To rise above this is grand action; but not to weigh it, is shallow thinking. Wisdom as to the common sense, there-

fore, is like the virtue of poetry, "to be bold, but not too bold;" for imagination and reason must use their wings, but not to fly away.

The second meaning of common sense is a dominant, practical understanding. Emerson, with this view of it, states one universal fact therein. He says:

"The perception of matter is made the common sense, and for cause. This was the cradle, this the go-cart of the human child. * * * The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds—of *Æsop*, Aristotle, Alfred, Luther, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Franklin, Napoleon. The common sense which does not meddle with the absolute, but takes things at their word—things as they appear—believes in the existence of matter, not because we can touch it or conceive of it, but because it agrees with ourselves and the universe does not jest with us but is in earnest—is the house of health and life."

Hence observation is a form of the highest common sense, and goes with it; for strong understanding ever keeps very close to facts, and leaves not the lead of one except under pilotage of another and to seek for more, that it may put many facts together till their relation one to another makes a circumference of knowledge. This is the principle of scientific discovery, as well as of all wide business, and of government. Wherefore, men busied in studying matter or affairs have been thought to have great common sense.

The greatness of common sense, and its title to reverence, appear in this, that it deals with vast complexity, that is, with the innumerable elements of a situation. Common sense discerns and judges a path

through this knotted and tangled maze. This is truly a great mental power, a round, complete, powerful genius. What question in philosophy, what intricacy of mathematics, which is not like a simple line or indexed path compared to questions of action in immeasurable crises, where neither the elements can be counted or marshaled, nor the spread of their influence spanned? Therefore, common sense is a wisdom that never hurries. It can wait, having the strength to let decision and judgment hang. Is there a strength greater than this, or rarer? He is a strong man who can press without interfering, and attend in silence while events work; for such a patience calls everything to its service. Hence it is the virtue of common sense to know when the moment comes by a kind of divination, and to act with decision where it can not reason or argue the way, but after the patience of waiting knows the moment of enterprise. But all this efficacy rests on observation; for to wait with the eyes shut is not waiting but slumbering. How shall one reason or divine what he should lead affairs to, who has not beheld or gathered them as they are by attention of eye and ear?

A trait of common sense is not to expect from one thing what belongs to another. This is a very common error. How many men who are selfish for interest, or ignorant from ease, or poor from idleness, or cruel for revenge, or inhospitable from shallow sympathies, groan nevertheless if they be not treated like the generous, the learned, the rich, the loving, the conversible? Multitudes, truly. The world roars like the sea with

the cries of men who, having paid for something, moan or scream for the opposite thereof. From this it appears that shrewdness is not common sense, though often confused with it. For shrewdness pertains to small affairs, or to a small way with large ones; and he who handles little things with cunning, commonly hopes to make more of them than the material has in it. Common sense is so just an understanding that it rises almost to a virtue; in truth, it involves virtues and their participation in judgment. For sound sense implies all powers uniting; none too prominent, so as to tyrannize; none too small, so as to be overborne. Imagination, sympathy, love, honesty, mix in it, as well as intelligence and knowledge. If this be observed well, it will reverse many judgments as to greatness, and create new thoughts about genius. If, to give instance, common sense be wide as well as penetrating faculty, and embrace a knowledge of moral forces and of love, Napoleon, how glaring soever the light which he flashed, like an insane eye, must be held in common sense to be as stupid as a baker who should put unwet flour into his oven, or a chemist, who, from one ingredient, should expect the properties of two or three compounded.

How good it is that we speak of well-balanced understanding as common sense. On the whole, how common and excellent intelligence is! Whoever will but give his fellows a chance, being willing to set himself in shadow sometimes that he may see others in the light, and will observe them a little closely and without envy, I may defy him not to be surprised

daily with the good talents and the fine performance which he will discover. To have common sense is to have the common heart, common imagination, hope, faith; and this is grandeur. For the common heart has done vast tragedies of love; the common imagination has wrought folk-lore and myths of all colors more gracious than poets' dreams—nay, the pigments of poets' pictures; the common hope has divined everlastingness, and faith has dreamed perfection and wrought religion in the image thereof. What can there be very great that is not common? For it is common to feel—in which all greatness lies. Expression only is exceptional, and is but the garment of greatness. What other reason why poets are treasured? Their power is that of Antony with the people: "I tell you that which you yourselves do know." For if poets uttered things unfelt by others, as well they might verse in Zend, or "babble in tongues," as Paul would say, for none would understand them.

I may call this great and strong common sense a sense of the common, I mean of the beauty of common things. This is the source of poetical discovery, as observation of properties is of the scientific. I have read that Goethe would pause in his walks to gaze with rapture in at the open door of a cobbler's stall, wherein the man at his work and all the emblems about him were like a ravishing picture to the poet's eye. I know not whether Browning speaks with a reminiscence of the famous German, or whether it be a simple likeness of mind, but thus he writes, describing a poet:

"He stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
The man who slices lemons into drink,
The coffee-roaster's brazier and the boys
That volunteer to help him turn its winch.
He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
And fly-leaf ballads on the vender's string,
And broad-edge bold-print posters by the wall.
He took such cognizance of men and things,
If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
If any cursed a woman, he took note."

The like may one see in this poet's "Christmas Eve," wherein the drench, the steam, the vulgarity, "the patchwork of chapters and texts in severance," "the crazy hinge," the "wry and flapping umbrella," the "broken clogs" of the "many tattered little old-faced peeking sister-turned-mother," the "sickly babe," the "draggled shawls," "the dingy satins of a female something," the "shoemaker's lad with wizened face in want of soap," crowded in a little conventicle, are combined like colors in a picture full of pathos. Poetry is the highest of all wisdom; for it seems the one art and one scholarship which gives its due to every side of life at once. It is a poem's essence that it wraps all things in unity to our thinking as they are in their acting, but from which they slip into manifoldness to our seeing.

The third meaning of common sense, I have said, is the agreement or *consensus* of the greatest persons. As all can not be equally great in all things, always it will behoove a multitude to revere the agreement of one group eminent in one matter, and of another group who are great persons in some other faculty. Each

great company has its common sense or unity in its kind. Here open humility and reverence as elements of general common sense. And great elements; for whoever can not combine with his own reason a reverent following of the greatest persons in whatever he studies, will go but little way because his own strength is too small, or else will go but very slowly because he must discover anew what others before him painfully have explored. As Emerson said (before quoted), "The restraining grace of common sense is the mark of all the valid minds, of Æsop, Aristotle," and the rest, so I will add there is a *consensus* as great as this one glorifying all holy seers and prophets. What the solidity of matter is to Aristotle, Franklin, Napoleon, that the higher law is to Confucius, Paul, Socrates, Huss. The life in plants, animals and human society is to Æsop, Shakspeare, Cervantes, no more common soil than the spiritual life to Buddha, Isaiah, John, Jesus. All these teachers, and whatever others may be mentioned worthily with them, show a common sense of the perfect, eternal and unseen in morals and in being.

To gather all—there is a common sense which is the level of the multitude or of the time. This is to be studied thoughtfully. There is a common sense which is a wide and noble harmony of powers. This is to be sought by discipline. There is a common sense or agreement of the highest and greatest persons. This is to be revered religiously.

OF REQUITAL

Is any other thing so black as ingratitude? It seems the worst defilement of the most defiled things. If a man rob another it is held a dark deed; but, if he rob his benefactor does not every one think the ingratitude more base than the thieving? But the vileness of ingratitude is simply the baseness of receiving something without paying; and in proportion to the greatness of the gift will be the ignominy of so receiving it. Hence, not to pay for the great benefit of kind interest, help, friendship, affection, with a like requital of faithful observance deservedly is held degraded. The principle of all life should be to give at least as much as we take. This is very plainly an unalterable rule in nature. It is the law of matter and of force—as in mechanics the coal which is burned never fails of exactly the same return of work.

Who can be sure what is the greatest evil in the world? But perhaps there is no vice meaner or more prevailing than the striving to get something for nothing. This is a pestilence with which the whole world seems sick; the severe contriving of vast hosts of people is wholly how to get something for nothing. For, observe that it is the same thing whether we get anything for less than its value or for nothing; for if anything be fairly valued at four, and we get it for two, then we pay for but half of it, and the other

half we seize for nothing. La Rochefoucauld, who observed shrewdly, says: "The love of justice in most men is only the fear of suffering by injustice;" which is to say that the rage to take without requital, and obtain something without sacrificing anything, is so great that men falter at it only from knowing that unless they do it with such discretion as conceals it, assuredly every one will do the same, and then all but the few strongest will be robbed. It is well to have a happy faith that there are better grounds for justice than this; and there are good reasons for that faith; yet the sickness of taking without giving, or at least the "itching palm" for it, is a wide sickness.

The law of requital is that kind of justice which dips deeply into self-respect. It is manliness to wish always to pay the worth of what we have. This is a fit pride, a right republican loyalty, a good loftiness. Besides, this is the basis of honorable enjoyment, for no one can enjoy another's work or possessions as much as his own, and surely true ownership waits on payment. There is something odious and contemptible in enjoyment of whatever we have not made our own in the earning of it by some true requital. The thievishness of pleasure in what we earn not is plain enough when we think of reputation, fame, honor got without merit. By common consent the ermine of glory must be earned. But few seem so to feel about possessions, privileges, powers; however, the law is the same. Many persons, again, who would scorn obligations to individuals and could not sleep if they owed a man anything, nevertheless will rest insensible under

obligations to the world without ever thinking of repaying them. However, the debt is as real, and the meanness of not requiting it as great. We should be striking continually a balance with the world, thus: We have had so much and so much, this protection of law, that benefit from the State, this use of collected books, that delight from gathered pictures, these ravishments of great strains of music possible only where many together come to play, to sing, and to hear. So much for the one side. What on the other? What our contribution? Have we made return for these things taken, or are we servile beneficiaries content to take without requiting?

This fine justice holds also with the affections, and indeed secures bliss in the home, where that private and secret source of the greatest happiness—love—hides. Besides, if we neglect requital close at hand in the home and to our nearest, what encouragement that we shall do this dignity and justice anywhere? Here, then, cast up and strike the balance. Say to ourselves, We get so much or so much of service, comfort, happiness, care; return we a like amount, or is our requital short and beggarly? Here *noblesse oblige* to weigh well the finer treasures beyond price. If a wife have much skill in household crafts, what masters in the market would pay what she has daily from a husband—the comforts, the privilege, the leisure, the liberty and power. And if a man be a great master in art, or a vast genius in affairs, no riches can buy him what he reaps from the painstaking of the wife who is his house-friend; for interest, tenderness, devo-

tion, thought and love are things never for sale. What manner of person will be so sorry a catch-penny as to receive these with no requital? Are there skeptics about married happiness? Let them inquire first whether there be requital in the daily partnership. For why indeed should there be happiness if one comrade be but a trading boor, grossly content to receive great things for little? If every one in married life, from an inward dignity, even if there were little love, would say: I must see to it that I get not something for nothing—not even the least immunity, privilege, joy, for nothing—peace, prosperity and power would stream through the house. But the shame of taking something for nothing leads life downward at last, like mirth falling suddenly to a tragedy. If we cast not up with the world and with our comrades to give as much as we get, it is certain death will do it some day, and leave the balance heavy. We or our friend will die. The opportunity is fled, the lights are gone out, the book is closed, the door is shut; remains only the ghost of a sad face, the stare of a debt.

OF ANGER

ANGER is more common than any passion but love; perhaps oftener perfect in its kind than any but fear. It will be well to observe it among its mates, the other passions, to see wherein it is like and unlike; and after that to treat of the different kinds of anger.

Like all passions, anger has degrees, ascending from slight vexation through deepening clouds to rage, and finally to fury, which is a black and horrible tempest. In its mid-region, where it is neither too little to be motive nor too furious to be ungovernable, it has its usefulness. For all feeling is as fuel, and where there is none life has no fire, and then no flame of ascent, no glow and no light. Wherefore anger urges as a motive, in this being like all passions. But it agrees with only some, and notably with fear, in that it is a waste of force and speedily flags. Anger uses up a vast force quickly, like a flash of explosion, and then has none left to apply to labor. Herein it is like a stimulant, which sets either effort or pleasure briskly forward, but soon slips back by a bitter and gloomy reaction. Mandeville says of liquors:

“Their operation imitates that of anger. * * * It is for this reason that most people, when they are in drink, are sooner touched and more prone to anger than at other times, and some raving mad without any provocation at all.”

I have read in medical lore of a man, close to death, who, being provoked in some manner, suddenly roused to strength with the flame of his anger, and then when the fit of temper passed, sank as suddenly, and straightway died. In wastefulness anger agrees with all sudden emotions; for these are spent soon, and very wasteful if painful. And is anything more tormenting than bitter anger? The word has the sense of torture in it by derivation, if it come from the Latin *angere*, which means to throttle and strangle, and thence to cause great *anguish*, which indeed, is

the same word. To this pain Shaftesbury ascribes the desire of revenge, saying:

“No wonder, indeed, that so much is done in mere revenge and under the weight of a deep resentment, when the relief and satisfaction found in that indulgence is no other than the assuaging of the most torturous pain and the alleviating of the most weighty and pressing sensation of misery. * * * Certainly if among lovers and in the language of gallantry, the success of ardent love is called the assuaging of a pain, this other success may be far more justly termed so. However soft or flattering the former pain may be esteemed, this latter surely can be no pleasing one; nor can it be possibly esteemed any other than sound and thorough wretchedness, a grating and disgusting feeling without the least mixture of anything soft, gentle or agreeable. * * * To be subject to such a passion is in reality to be very unhappy, and the habit of it is a disease of the worst sort, from which misery is inseparable.”

This misery is apparent in distorted features. The passions make outward signs for themselves; and especially they work in the face. All suffering contorts the countenance so wofully that the pain flies to the beholder likewise. Now if the worst pain makes the most repulsive countenance, then there is no misery like great anger; for it distorts the face more frightfully than any other torment. Therefore Seneca reasoned, “What must the soul of the angry man be when his face is so hideous?” which ugliness Jeremy Taylor draws in detail, saying of anger:

“If it proceeds from a great cause it turns to fury, if from a small cause, it is peevishness; and so is always either terrible or ridiculous. It makes a man’s body monstrous, deformed and contemptible, the voice horrid, the eyes cruel, the face pale or fiery, the gait fierce, the speech clamorous and loud.”

But as, if the lion be loosened on us he is only frightful, but if chained, majestic and beautiful, so this storm of anger confined has a splendor. It is a study in sublimity. The impending doom (the majesty of the lion of the will), the erect carriage, the tumultuous blood like a tide rocked by an earthquake over coast of brow and cheek, and then surging back, leaving paleness stranded, the tense muscles, the iron body—this is magnificence! Then comes beauty, when the storm is fled to the heavens—the softening of the body, new suppleness of the limbs, resumed ease and grace, the brow smoothing, the eyes sheathing their menace, soft moisture breaking on hands and mouth, and victory hanging out a pennant of healthy color in the cheeks! This is the royal purple of a king. By reason of outward beauty alone, if no more, Emerson says justly that “self-command is the main elegance,” and Lowell calls Washington’s self-control “the perpetual full dress of his well-bred mind.”

The report of the wretchedness of anger in the hideousness of the raging face hints how we may help control the passion; for the face is like a door by which it gets at large; now, if we compose the features resolutely, and will not look ugly, we close the door and confine the gusts, which soon settle. This has been remarked by the naturalists, Darwin saying in treating of the expression of emotions in men and animals, that when we resist the muscular movements which are the natural expression of a feeling, we go far to quench the feeling.

Anger is a weak passion; for what other will not conquer it if there be a conflict? As in medicine it is confirmed that two inflammations can not be in the body together, but one will draw to itself the fire of the other and extinguish it, so in the mind very often one passion puts out another, the stronger feeding on the flame of the weaker. Anger is quenched by love, fear, shame, ambition, nay, even by vanity, nay, even by self interest, which is no passion, but a calculation smothering the fire; therefore, whoso is worsted by anger is driven by a weak master. It is a trait of the weakness that not only anger rises for different causes with different persons (for so all other passions do), but for different causes on varying occasions with the same persons; also it is more liable for no cause at some times than at others. In this it differs from all other passions, and therein bares its weakness, as I have said. For who is the more or less given to love, to fear, to shame or ambition, by being hungry, thirsty, weary, perplexed, or too warm or too cold? Yet all these things will lay open the frailty of the choleric, and let out angry gusts.

Of all passions, anger is most under the rule of the will. What man but could govern his wrath if a fortune hung on it, how choleric soever he were? But not so with fear, love, ambition, hatred, and other passions which often tear their way against all will, or are locked only with great struggle. Whether anger be more under the will because it is weaker than other passions, I know not; but he is the strong man, not only over himself but over others,

and over circumstances, to command, to do, whose anger is a Caliban, whose will a Prospero. Because anger is the servant of will and cowers behind if the will be urged with motive, it is a liberty which a man allows himself; a gross liberty, for men take it with their inferiors, which is ungenerous, or with their lovers, which is cruel.

In relation to time, anger is like fear, and unlike the other passions; it abides not like love, hatred, ambition, or even envy or shame, but is a brief exercise, which looks very different after a little. Plutarch observed that cruelty often lies at the door of hurry. "Which of us all," he says, "is so cruel as to torment or scourge a servant because five or ten days before he burned the meat, overturned the table or did not soon enough what he was bidden? And yet it is for just such things as these, while they are fresh and newly done, that we are so disordered and become cruel and implacable." As anger is a passing storm, so it comes not gradually and with signs, but like a sudden sweep of wind or black squall. It is an instant leap of blood, as if the heart, with a vicious bound, surcharged the body. Sometimes it is withheld for a time, and then bursting restraint, flashes over every nerve, which tingles and burns with it. Thus, though so weak a passion, often it overcomes by suddenness, like the spring of a reptile, which, if it miss the mark, has done its all, and slinks into the grass.

Like other passions, anger shows itself diversely in different persons; in some noisily, and in others qui-

etly but the more intensely and hence the more dangerously, especially as then it leaves the mind clear to act and to purpose; for noise is not only distracting, but is itself a clamorous part of the act, and is harmless. And into action anger leaps or flows, according to the nature of the person; in some at once, with a blow; in others slyly, with precaution and with effort to take unawares, and these are the more to be feared.

So far of anger among the passions. Now as to kinds of anger. It is a weighty saying of Seneca, "If there were reason for beginning to be angry, there would be none for ever ceasing to be;" and in another place, "It is madness to think that we can fix an end to passions which we can not control at their beginning." Reasons for the unreasonableness of anger he puts thus: "He who knows that men are not born wise, but have to become so, will never be angry with the erring," and again, "Has a good man injured you? Believe not so. A bad one? Wonder not at it." Anger at the bad is foolish, because then we are taken by surprise in that which we ought to have expected from them; and at the good it is needless or impossible; so that in all cases it is unreasonable. To this stoic wisdom I defer as to most kinds of anger; but I count four kinds thereof, and one is not without excellence; nay, indeed, has some glory—the anger which towers against injustice for the sake of others. There is an ear of wrath to which the cry of the oppressed cleaves, and this ear has fine knowledge of harmony. Such anger answers not to Bacon's say-

ing, that "anger is certainly a kind of baseness as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns; children, women, old folks, sick folks." For this that I speak of is better named moral wrath, as John Weiss called the impetuous torrent of Parker's indignation, and it is no wail of sickness or age, but the sea-roar of health and youth, when a gale of love plows it. This anger is a shield as well as a motive; for though it be a pain, it fends the greater pain of fellow-suffering which would pierce the heart unresisted if behind the target of wrath the mind were not couching a lance to slay the evil. Who—so writes a poet

"Mourns not, nor quails, but burns with holy wrath,
Wrath only—that man feels not grief nor death.

* * * * *

And so we find in all the great, in all
Heroes and prophets, all who ever have
Wrought great things, wrath, the bearer of all woe."

The second kind of anger is that which is just but inglorious; for while it rises against a wrong, the wrong is done to ourselves. This anger shows its quality by flaming against a person; but the moral wrath of prophet and hero is against the wrong, and merciful to the sinner, according to Seneca's reasoning. Bacon says again: "Men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem rather to be above the injury than below it." But better than to be above the injury is to be unconscious of it; and this we may be if so we are set in contemplation of high things, and also of others' good affairs or qualities, that we

think of ourselves seldom and little. "I am I, and you are you," said the Chinese sage, meaning not I am above injury, but simply there is no harm unless I take it; and to a like purpose Aurelius, "No man is able to make your ruling faculty worse than it was before."

The third kind of anger is the trivial sort, that flames at some trifling annoyance, little hurt, slight impediment; also at inanimate things, often falling into an insensate violence to them.

The fourth kind of anger is the vulgar sort, puffy and vain, which has no object at all in truth, but shoots against fancied affronts, invents slights and imputes evil where none is meant. This anger of persons who are on the lookout for contempts, is like to be a perpetual fire wherewith these people never cease burning; for one can invent as many slights as he will. Such persons are either underlings, conscious of unworthiness and thus suspicious, or they are conceited and overweening, or they are envious.

To conclude, as anger is a passion, it is to be ruled; as it is a weak passion, he is weak who rules it not; but as it has a place in nature, he is weaker who feels it not. For a knight must go armed, and carry anger "like a still sword that tarries in its sheath," yet is not rusted therein, nor like a handle falsely fixed on a scabbard,—which a man resembles if he look strong but can not be moved. Again, there is anger which is ignoble in kind, and all kinds are detestable in furious degrees; but also there is anger which has no tincture of shame, so it be subject and not sovereign.

OF JUDGMENT OF OTHERS

IF judgment of others has been condemned by the penetrating intelligence and tender charity of the Nazarene, who said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," it is likely that the act runs some peculiar danger which we shall do well to consider. Some of the snares and pitfalls are not hard to see. Very fine-looking actions may have very base motives, or conversely, noble intentions may lead to deeds but ill-appearing at first; as Seneca says, "Often it is our duty to be just, and be imputed infamous." But if we are not careful we shall judge by what we see while the real quality of the act lies in the hidden part. Sometimes apparent virtues are only ill-points in disguise, as when the weakness of obstinacy or opinionateness appears to be constancy, or when the boldness of terror or of despair seems courage. Conspicuous position, again, has much effect, for many men appear neither good nor bad only because they never come into a strong light and are as if hardly seen at all. So that whoever does not search deeply into the origin of deeds, or dissect carefully the elements of seeming excellence, or estimate the prominence and strong light in which any one appears, will not escape being judged by his judging. But the greatest danger of all is forgetting the peculiar exposures of other persons, or overlooking to inquire about them. Job says of the poor of the land who are forced to hide

themselves, that "they are drenched with the mountain showers, and embrace the rocks for shelter." Now, there are as great differences between the shelters that cover character as between the dwellings that lodge our bodies; and many there are who are morally unsheltered and hide only under a rock for want of covering. It is said we incline most to be severe to faults in others which most easily we keep clear of ourselves; yet this is not always keenness or hypocrisy; to display, as some say, our own virtues, or to

"Compound for sins we are inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to;"

but this severity comes to pass because we can not conceive or weigh duly the temptations and circumstances from whose force happily we are free. Therefore the evil seems in others what it would be in ourselves—abominable and without excuse. But if we reflect that we have been never shelterless in point of that evil, shall we be disposed to judge another who never has been covered from it? I have met a saying of George MacDonald, which has the truth of kindness and the kindness of truth:

"He who would soonest die to divide evil and his fellows, will be the readiest to make for them all *honest* excuse."

A like morality is in Emerson's lines—

"Of all wit's uses, the main one
Is to live well with who has none."

But wit in this couplet has wide scope, comprising mind, heart, conscience, which combine in knowledge.

We shall be able to have charity, cautious judgment

and just consideration, only if we have power of feeling and much knowledge of life, and ability to imagine conditions and their force not our own. This knowledge comes from greater experience than any one life packs in itself, and therewith love,—both needed in this wisdom of judgment; for all the things that press, push, strain and crush humanity, the inherited tendencies, the keenness of temptation, the suffering of loved ones, repressed longings blazing out in sight of possible, yet forbidden, satisfaction, long years of ignorance both of life and of ourselves, and of slumber suddenly wakened by a flash of bewildering light too dazzling to see in, dreadful disappointments, wrongs, oppressions—these, and such other like things, will not be judged justly unless we have the knowledge to go all around them as with a surveyor's chain, and the love pitifully to feel, while we are sheltered, the force of those blasts from life's poles on the unsheltered and exposed.

Finally, he who passes much censure and has a greedy eye for faults, will suffer more harm than he inflicts; for, at last, he will draw together all the evils that he keeps in sight and make himself a sink for them. Sir Thomas Browne has given a good rule and caution for judgment:

“ Since goodness and exemplariness are not in all, if others have not our virtues, let us not be wanting in theirs, nor scorning them for their vices wherein we are free, be condemned by their virtues wherein we are deficient.”

OF PATIENCE

LEWES has an excellent expression, "passionate patience," speaking of the patient investigation of scholars and of scientific men. Is aught more worthy to be called a passion than the ardor of the scholar for learning, the philosopher for thinking, the chemist for research, the mechanic for invention? For surely one of three things marks passion—that either it is strong feeling, or else great steadfastness, or else keen pursuit—of which very often two, sometimes all, are mingled in one passion. Now, who blend these more than the scholar and thinker, by ardor of interest, by inquiring pursuit, and by constant devotion? Wherefore, well they are said to have a passion of patience; in a like sense wherewith and finely Lowell calls the calm poise of Washington "his energetic passion of repose."

Patience touches the quick of happiness, because if we endure not well we shall be wretched, and if we fail often (as who not, in greatest things?) and still push not on, however compelled to go slowly, we shall come to nothing. I will speak first of the nature of patience; secondly, of its objects.

As to the nature of it, it will be well to say first what it is not, and then what it is; for some things wear a mask like it which many mistake for it; and often the real quality, by its very quietness, is let pass unknown. Some persons are peaceful because they

are selfish; so they are laden lightly enough, others under burdens may go on as they can. They put on, as I may say, the cast-off clothing of philosophy, maxims of non-intervention, and lounge on the deck in apparent calm of reason; but aloft they spread stealthy sails to the breezes of advantage. But this tranquillity is not patience, nor aught indeed but bare selfishness. Others have a bitter endurance when any ill can not be escaped, a sullen and implacable suffering, or even a sort of savage or ferocious acquiescence; but others, in the opposite way, shed troubles and injuries as the body of a water-fowl keeps dry under feathers which the rain pelts or the waves bury; but neither the sullen suffering of the one, nor the ease of the other, is patience. Phlegmatic temperament is not patience. Love calls for much patience, because it can enjoy or suffer much. Now, unlovingness may be mistaken for it, but grossly; for inaptitude to feel is not strength to endure. These, and other things in many denominations, are very far from patience.

Now, to say what patience is: It is judgment which has grown to a faith, and the twain grown to a great forbearance, and these enforced with moral earnestness to help or reclaim. In this account, patience appears both composite and mighty; for what greatest power of the mind is there that takes not part in it, since it is made of thought and of feeling, of principle and of force? But if we look closely we shall see that it has this high place without doubt; for, first it rests on the rational view of the facts of life

whence arises an energetic forbearance of temper for cause. For if not for cause, that is, rationally justified, restraint would be simply painful, and needless pain is folly. Thus, patience is first judgment of facts, from which it takes flight, like the Phoenix from ashes, to an assertion of faith; for if there be no fair faith in future betterment, why bear with evil and evil-doers? It would be rational then to push out of sight the offensive and the offender. But patience knows of no creature wasted or his opportunity foreclosed. Now having this judgment, which taking wings for a great flight we call faith, moral earnestness is added; without which, what were the others but intelligent good nature? but with which they are life and purpose to reform and bless. To these qualities self-control like a groom sets collar and trace; otherwise nothing is connected and no work done. Self-control will harness passion, with a star in his forehead, to the chariot which moral earnestness drives and faith guides. Now, to contract to a sentence, this is the account of patience, that it is judgment, and the judgment an assertion of faith in the divine order which casts nothing to waste, and the faith quickened by moral earnestness and the earnestness held by self-control. Here, then, it stands as a principle of devotion and a strength of forbearance.

Now, as to the objects of patience, these are three-fold. First, plainly, we have to be patient with others. Now, this means not to despair of any one. Will not hope grow from simple observation, if we attend to it with a kindly eye? For it is verily my

experience that some indeed are worse but most better than they seem. Wherefore, if I can not teach or restrain some one, perhaps another can; for as all elements will not work together in material substances, so neither in spiritual, so that if I can not improve some one it may be my lack of fitness toward him, and not his inaptitude to improve. Aurelius has condensed this precept well: "If thou art able, teach others what is right, but if not able, remember to be meek on that account." It is a practical point in patience to use the morning well as a point of good setting out for the day. There should be a pause to think of this virtue and resolve for it when all the fresh preparation is finished, and the household, newly risen and refreshed with the morning's baptism, gather at the table. Nay, I doubt if there be any better thought at the first opening of the eyes when the dew of the light has anointed them. And here we may avail ourselves of memory to forewarn us of the occasions we shall encounter; of which wisely Aurelius says:

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busy-body, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsociable; all these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil; but I have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and know that he who does wrong is my kinsman by nature, not only that he is of the same blood or state, but that he shares in the same intelligence and in the same portion of divinity; I can neither be injured by any of them nor hate any, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I feel anger or hatred toward a kinsman."

The wisdom and the theory of patience are very simple; for patience is a pure quiet; but impatience is a strong emotion, and therefore something that has to be borne or carried. Now, if we have a burden to lift, and add thereto impatience, what do we but add weight to weight?

Who takes ill another's ill
Beareth two loads up the hill.

Therefore to learn patience is the same as to learn to shoulder a weight with skill if we must carry it, but to lay it aside if that be possible.

Secondly, we must be patient with ourselves. This is a point of much wisdom. It means that we must not ask too much of ourselves, for our powers go but a little way to their limits; but we must ask all that can be, for duty has no limits but strength. Therefore, it is virtue to set the mark on a summit, and patience to climb toward it, however long or slowly. Ask not indeed of ourselves anything too quickly. Cowper said: "I confess fearless a mind that does not always think;" and Locke; "The way to become learned is to attempt but little at a time; short flights will gather much if all be saved." So it is in nature, where no haste is ever to be seen but in impatient creatures. Nature and time agree. Each moment is charged with just itself, has no anxieties, proceeds unconscious of any next gone or next coming, being full with itself and then flown. Said Pythagoras, "*Cor ne edito*," eat not the heart—"a dark but true parable," says Bacon, for "certainly if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open

themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts,"—thus to friendship applying the words of the old Grecian sage. But I will apply the saying also to impatient haste with ourselves. For if one will not wait for his own feet is it not the same as to cut them off? And whoever will not stay for his own hands, does he not the same as if he cast them by the way-side? And whoever lives in anxieties of self-exaction and speed, staying not for works to grow and ripen, surely he devours his own heart and feeds on himself, having naught else to eat, because he has only green fruits about him, or fruit that has dropped half-grown by meddlesome forcing, and nothing sweet and mellowed. But shall we not be in haste to achieve goodness? Surely not. Enough to see that the movement is steady but not strained. If it is failure to be impatient about wisdom, intellect, or any other like success, so even more about the greater achievements of virtue and nobleness. I will say also, forgive ourselves; not too easily, but easily enough; I mean, let the dead bury their dead, and the past be past. If we have got wisdom from it and taken a lesson to heart, then let the pain go with it into shadow. Remorse may be a luxury if it fill the time to be up and striving afresh

I have been speaking of patience with the things which may be in our power as being common events on the earth; because this is plain good sense. But now finally, I say we are to have patience with the power which is over us; because this is plain piety. Or, put it thus, as once I heard an aged man say reverently,

"We must be patient with God." Thomas Hughes defines patience as "a resolute waiting on God's mind;" and Schefer says:

"Goodness can have no higher sense than this,
And no more beautiful significance, —
Complete contentment with God's nature."

Saadi has this saying: "A great river is not made turbid by a stone; a religious man who is hurt by injuries is as yet but shallow water." Religion states difficulties in terms of strength. Epictetus reproached those who, taking a journey to Olympia to see the works of Phidias, being unwilling to die without a sight of them, endured the discomfort, the noise and the crowds by reference to the merits of the spectacle, but compared not the ills or troubles of life with the great spectacle of this earth, with its skies and heavens, to see which required no journey; and he exclaimed beside that we have received faculties whereby to support and interpret suffering — "Have you not received greatness of soul, a manly spirit, patience?" Thus within by faculty and without by glory we are furnished with the resources of patience to attend on divinity; as the full-hearted saying of Haydn expresses: "The quality of infinite goodness inspires me with such confidence and joy that I could have written even a miserere in *tempo allegro*." As it is sure nothing will hasten the divine deliberation, which awaits the gestation of a million years for an egg, and a million million for a moral thought, so it is sure that we shall be but wretched creatures in this infinite patience unless we are patient

with the patience; for as it is necessity to take things as they are, so it is wisdom to see this, happiness to do it willingly, religion to do it devoutly. Be ashamed of small repinings; for always fair things are to be found; hence, to recur to small annoyances, what is this but to wash in soiled water when clean ewers are at hand? How people trumpet their miseries, but for which I am persuaded that half the conversation in the world would cease. But Johnson said:

“Depend upon it, that if a man talks of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for when there is nothing but pure misery there is never any recourse to the mention of it.”

Aurelius quotes from Epicurus:

“In my sickness my conversation was not about my bodily sufferings, nor did I talk on such subjects to those who visited me; but I continued to discourse on the nature of things as before, keeping to this main point, how the mind while participating in such movements as go on in the poor flesh, shall be free from perturbations and maintain its proper good.”

Truly, the punctual glory of nature ought to shame us that we edge into it our little punishments for broken laws, to chatter thereof to each other for entertainment. Better was the satirical peevishness of King James, who seemed to set up his royal honors as a bar, and exclaimed to the fly, “Have I three kingdoms and thou must needs fly into mine eye?”

In sum, patience is, as to nature, intelligence, being a judgment; and piety, being a faith in the good order of things; and morality, being benefaction and forbearance. As to objects it is also three-fold, having

two objects in the finite, ourselves and others, and also the Infinite and One.

OF ENEMIES

It has been said that Clio would be undone but for the existence of enmity. Burke states it boldly thus:

“The first part of the external view of all States, their relations as friends, makes so trifling a figure in history that I am very sorry to say it affords me but little matter on which to expatiate. The good offices done by one nation to its neighbor; the support given in public distress; the relief afforded in general calamity; the protection granted in emergent danger; the mutual return of kindness and civility, would afford a very ample and very pleasing subject for history. But, alas! all the history of all times concerning all nations does not afford matter enough to fill ten pages, though it should be spun out by the wire-drawing amplifications of a Guicciardini himself. The glaring side is that of enmity.”

An old writer, Jortin, to a like purpose, says in his “Remarks on Ecclesiastical History,” that “Socrates, in the close of his work, observes that if men were honest and peaceable, historians would be undone for want of materials.” If these sayings be true, it was a right symbol that Clio was drawn with the trumpet in one hand and a book in the other, for history records the deeds to which the trumpet calls the heroes. Yet was this muse also crowned with laurel, the reward and wreath of poets; and however busy with the quarrels of men who were great only in power and selfishness, it were a blot on the soul to think the first of the muses would close her book if

she dropped her trumpet, and would have no office if only the triumph of arts, knowledge, mechanics, poetry and good will were to be celebrated. In such a happy state there would be more need of writing than ever before; for a few pages will serve for the fighting of an army of a hundred thousand men, going from battle to battle in one mass; but great volumes would not hold the inventions, the thoughts, the songs, the forensic wisdom and the laws of all those men and of all whom they kill, working separately until they were grown old; and each by his own genius. Therefore it has been said well, and better than Jortin's remark, that when a great war has cut off the young men of a nation it never can be told thereafter what losses of scholars, poets, thinkers and great designers the country and the world have suffered.

Yet enmity will not be rooted out, and especially private enmity will flourish long after men learn a better way than to destroy each other in battles. Wherefore, it is no small question how to use our enemies to our advantage. A Frenchman has said, shrewdly, "If you want to succeed, make enemies; your friends will soon rally around you." This is the old truth that anything which will thrive at all—that is, which has good cause to live—will thrive under persecution; for if it do not gather outward strength at once, it will grow into inward vigor, which soon will gain a triumph. Yet it is not to the credit of friends, either of a person or of a cause, that they act not on their friendship till hurts done by foes excite

their ardor. Such friendship commonly tires if the persecution be too long or too strong or too little; for if too long their devotion is outwearied; if too powerful they are overcome, and if too little they are still lukewarm. Therefore the true friends who may be trusted are those who are always present by love, not waiting to be roused by rivalry; and the old sage spoke more justly who said, contrary to the Frenchman, that "He who hath a hundred friends hath not one too many, and he who hath one enemy will meet him everywhere."

Yet in one way enemies give us hope of good traits in ourselves; for since there will be enmity, those will incur it most who have strong points of character, which as much bring them against some men as close to others. So that we say in general, No enemies, no friends. Plutarch says: "What Chilon, the wise man, remarked to one who said he had no enemies, namely: 'Thou seemst rather to have no friend,' has a great deal of truth; for enemies always keep pace and are interwoven with friendships."

I know of nothing better said of enemies than Plutarch's reflections, from which I gather these following ways of extracting good from our enemies, this being the part of wisdom and much overlooked; for most persons think they have done all if they escape harm from their foes, whereas there is much profit to be obtained. An adversary may spur us on to great efforts to excel; for there is pain in surpassing those who love us, however it be our duty to prevail; but to exceed any one who is hostile to us will try the

heart with but a general compassion, and only a tender and charitable heart—which all, indeed, ought to be. An enemy will train us in watchfulness; for if he be wary to seize on every error and trip us, we shall be the more heedful to expose nothing, and this will drive us to prudence and thoughtfulness. Especially, what is of much importance, we shall be taught by enemies to avoid the appearance of evil. We ought not to pass by what foes say of us merely because it is not true, but examine whether we have not given some color for it in appearance. For it is a false, unkind and unjust independence to have no regard to appearance, since whatever misrepresents ourselves commits the injustice of misleading others. But, best of all, enemies make us watchful of ourselves and induce self-examination; for we must argue thus: our foe hates us with reason or without reason; if without reason, then he not really hates us, but some other sort of person for whom he mistakes us; but if with reason, then it is plain we should improve, and remove the reason. Akin to this is a reflection of Aurelius, which he seems (and reasonably) to draw much comfort from and repeats often, namely:

“Wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be made worse; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind.”

It is easy, moreover, to see the faults of an enemy; but before we point out these we shall be prudent to

consider whether we also have them not; for how often it happens that persons are enemies because both have the same faults. This is put into a common saying, "They cannot get along together," which means that both are willful and unyielding, or both are proud, or both are selfish, and so fly against each other and then apart, by the clash and repulsion of the same faults.

Enemies, again, may increase our self-control by exercising it. How this shall be depends on whether we use them, or they use us. They cannot be of no effect; they will increase our patience or our impatience. They work us either into a vengeful or into a magnanimous mind. Enemies also train us in justice. We must give even an enemy what credit he deserves. If thus we do, then whether we blame or excuse, it will be clear that we are looking at the wrong, not blinded by hatred of the person. This will gain credit for what we say. To this kind of high and self-contained justice, enemies may help us more directly than friends, perhaps, because it is so easy to commend the friend for love's sake, but a harder and higher virtue to excuse the enemy for justice's sake. La Rochefoucault says: "We are not bold enough to say in general that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particular we seem to think so." By the discipline of enemies, finally, we may be kept clean of the mean vice of envy—truly a low and miserable passion, and, as a philosopher has said, "more irreconcilable than hatred." For if we be so high as to allow full desert

to enemies, we shall be far too high to envy friends or strangers.

Kind persons, especially poets, seem to find great pathos in enmity; for bards and story-tellers often represent hated persons as being thereby only a little more burdened than before, being already loaded with many sorrows; and poets delight in showing (from which we may judge that it is true to nature) how great alleviation to an over-weighted heart is a touch of kindness or love. Longfellow has said, "If we could read the secret heart of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."

OF IMMORTAL LIFE

I KNOW not whether there be anything more remarkable touching the human mind than the belief in a future life. No belief is older, or spread more widely, or more enduring; yet none has to encounter facts so hard and to battle against such foes. It is surprising that it has not been beaten to death, and still more that ever it arose at all. For though primitive imagination be very quick and the faith of primeval races very ardent and vivid, yet it seems strange that these powers sometimes go clean contrary to observation; and this must be held, I think, no little tribute to the spirituality of our being. Destruction is a fact so obvious that it is hard to see why an untutored man, when he has seen a creature born,

should not as readily think it a dream, an unreality, a phantom, as conceive a creature whom he has seen destroyed to be still living invisibly. Yet, though death happens, and often therewith destruction of the body by violence, it being torn or hewn asunder or burned, and when not so, yet evaporating before the eyes by decay or consumed by insects, there is somewhat in human nature which triumphs over these attacks and wins the combat against sense, so as to persist that the dead creature has had only another birth. Now, this mighty triumph of belief, or of hope, or of love, or of somewhat in us indefinable, which takes account of facts that pertain to it, has been a great wrestling-ground since men began to reason about it. The first explanation is that the belief springs from an environment (which now is the scientific term in vogue), and exists because the fact is so, just as eyes and objects, ears and sounds, announce each other. Whether this be also the best, as it is the oldest, explanation, I will not argue, but leave the marvel of the belief against sense to stand as the marvel surely it is. For there has been no belief more intense; yet 'tis against a fact than which none is more confounding. To me it matters not much that this faith sickens in some minds after they have become full of science, when much knowledge has accrued by lapse of centuries; for as everything costs some other thing, I have wondered sometimes whether this same science has not made a charge, but so gradually, since knowledge has grown slowly, that we wot not how much we have paid for our philosophy. It is possi-

ble that, as the civilized stomach could not live on the fare of the wild man, and the head that rests on pillows or the body that is clothed daintily would perish feverishly, unclad in the forest, and the ear, however trained in fine music or shaken by the city's roar, is a dull organ for the stealth of the savage and but a piece of leather compared with the membranes of some brute creatures—so the mind has not gained its delicacies without loss of some rude force, or even, mayhap, some very fine adaptation. If there be lost arts and lost virtues, as history records, so there may be lost susceptibilities of faith; and I doubt whether yet it has appeared what a whole man may be, since man seems not to have been able ever to gain somewhat and yet save therewith all he had already.

To divide more particularly, I will take immortal life as a thought, as an emotion and as a motive. First as a thought—I have no reasoning to offer for it; for though many arguments suggest it, and conduce to it, I have met none which prove it, and it is common to say that there are none, and could not be. This, indeed, seems likely, because we know not in truth what life is. Whence, then, can we infer or predict anything which lies enfolded in the nature of life whereof we are ignorant? As to analogies in nature set forth by some, by others derided, I deny not that these contain suggestions; though not arguments, yet they seem to me not so worthless as some have declared. For though it be said that butterflies, moths and the like creatures in their transformations really die not, but only change alive, still that is only to our

superior sight which has capacity to keep them in view the while; but to their fellows, if we imagine them to think and observe, these creatures must seem to die and disappear when they enter the chrysalis. The best analogy which I have read of is in the lot of the dragon-fly, which first lives under water, and then has a change of expression or feature when at last it is impelled to climb a rush out of the water and live, which to do before had been destruction. 'Tis in speaking of a like analogy that Browning calls death a "throbbing impulse." After that, when with wings the creature has launched into the air, then it is unable, however it might wish, to dip again under the water. As if with such analogy in mind, and happily, a poet calls the dying

"The amphibious souls that in a dumb amaze
Hover between the earth, the grave and heaven."

Now this up-climbing from the pool is as strange and mournful to the grubs left behind, if we conceive them to think of it, as death is to us. And it is possible that as we follow the process among these humble creatures, so there are benign beings who have attained sense to follow our change with continuity. As to proofs, seek none, but attend to intimations that come, and sometimes, indeed, seem to rain on us, as we go on. And this must be so in proportion to the depth of the life which we live; for as like minds know each other, so will abundance of life report truthfully the possibilities and expectations of it; therefore to live richly is to expect gloriously. Whence it is notable that those souls whom by com-

mon consent men glorify most, like the sacred seven, to whom we may add Socrates, Plato, and a few such like, have been prone to this belief, or even full of proclamation. Emerson says:

“All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.”

It is a secret of rich living to live continuously, and not in leaps, as it were, but in a steady on-going. For, if there be gaps in life, that is to say, if we lose one part thereof when we have entered another, then one part will be sure to despise another, and if life be despised in any measure, there is small opening for the faith of immortality. Now that this living by segments may come to pass, and that even it may be called piety, we may learn from such a saying as this: “What is every year of a wise man’s life but a criticism on the past? Those whose life is the shortest live long enough to laugh at one-half of it. The boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the sage both, and the Christian all.” I know not whose words these are, but whosoever, I have small opinion of his wisdom or his piety, unless this be a sorry lapse from a better habit of mind. For mid-age having come, then to have arrived at naught but contempt of youth, is but piecemeal existence, and will lead to no knowledge of life. In contrast with this folly, I will quote words of Coleridge:

“Men laugh at the falsehoods imposed on them during their childhood because they are not good and wise enough to contemplate the past in the present, and so to produce by a virtuous and thoughtful sensibility that continuity in their self-consciousness which nature has made a law of their animal life. * * * * * *They exist in fragments.* Annihilated as to the past, they are dead to the future, or seek for the proofs of it everywhere only not where alone it can be found, in themselves.”

With this Coleridge quotes Wordsworth's simple lines ending,

“And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

This thought seems deeply grafted in Wordsworth's mind, for in “Yarrow Revisited” he writes:

“Brisk youth appeared, the morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly;
Life's temperate noon, her sober eve.
Her night, not melancholy.
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited;”

and he has shown that he knows the insight which comes of a life unsundered and unslackened; for, describing the Wanderer, he says:

“Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek
Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye; that, under brows
Shaggy and gray, had meaning which it brought
From years of youth; which, like a being made
Of many beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to come
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.”

Coleridge's saying, "They exist in fragments," is the key to much despair; and certainly he can not have any warrant in himself for a future life who has broken this one to pieces.

Now, secondly, as emotion, or a source thereof, the thought of the future life is first, health; secondly, splendor; thirdly, germane to love. For I think it is well said that "a healthy mind desires to live;" nor do I hold indifference as courage, but esteem it either ignorance or insensibility. As to splendor, can anything be vaster, grander, more glorious than the thought of continuity and of a life which at maturity is still at infancy? And as to love, the heart plainly longs for perpetuity, and love is dead if it admit death. Aurelius has this passage of stoic piety:

"The universal nature out of the universal substance, as if it were wax, now molds a horse, and when it has broken this up it uses the material for a tree, then for a man, then for something else, and each of these things subsists for a very short time. But it is no hardship for a vessel to be broken up, just as there was none in its being fastened together."

I think there is piety herein, but perhaps a lapse in philosophy; for, mayhap, there *is* hardship if a thinking creature, being wrought, be led to an end, whereas it is the nature of thought to be unlimited. And this is the answer to another passage of Aurelius:

"The healthy eye ought to see all things and not to say, I wish for green things, for this is the condition of a diseased eye; and the healthy hearing and smelling ought to be ready to perceive all that can be heard and smelled; and the healthy stomach ought to be with respect to all food just as the mill with respect to all things which it is formed to grind. And

accordingly the healthy understanding ought to be prepared for anything that happens; but that which says, Let my dear child live, and let all men praise whatever I may do, is the eye which seeks for green things, or teeth which seek for soft things."

But though the healthy stomach will not be too delicate to cope with whatever can be digested, yet it is healthy according to its nature, which is to digest. And in like manner it is the nature of love to cling and not to give way, and to demand for itself everlastingness; and love does this to perfection if it be healthy.

Thirdly, though as a thought I conceive the immortal life just, and as an emotion glorious, as a motive it is bad, servile. "If death," says a preacher, "terminates man's conscious existence, it will be alike to the most prosperous sinner and the most self-sacrificing saint after the termination of this earthly scene." But it is unethical and faithless thus to value moral differences by future events. The preacher illustrates his bad doctrine thus:

"Of all the sinners of the first French Revolution, perhaps none was more detestable than Fouché; yet by his adroitness he succeeded in evading every danger which engulfed his comrades in iniquity, and after a prosperous life he died quietly in his bed. * * * On the other hand, the Apostle Paul, after a life spent in toil and suffering, perished by the ax of the executioner. Yet if there is no hereafter, and if the only reward of self-sacrifice and the only punishment of crime are those which happen in the present life, it would have been far better to be Fouché than Paul."

He that thinks this servility dignity, this baseness morality, this appraisal virtue, has not learned the com-

plexion of calculation and understands not when men dicker with Providence and would cozen righteousness of her robes. If it were better to be a villain for ten years, or even for one moment, then it were better forever. If a man had a stomach which could digest garbage and carrion without sickness, still, would he be better than swine or vultures if he liked the filthy foods? For though the strength of the stomach might master them, its virtue as a man's stomach should loathe them. So, whoever would be vile for these passing years if they were all, is but a barterer for heaven; nay, like a man chaffering for fruits which he has not the stomach to retain; for the unheavenly mind could not receive heaven, but only transport its own pit elsewhere—as Milton's Satan cries out:

“Which way I fly is hell! Myself am hell!”

It is a fine thought of the poet Schefer, that strangely we insist so much on the eternity to come, and yet never care for or bemoan the eternity gone; and a like thought Aurelius puts in these words: “Men set much value on being praised by posterity, by those whom they have never seen nor ever will see; but this is very much the same as if thou shouldst grieve because those who have lived before thee did not praise thee.” Why, indeed, say we that we must go on living in order to make this life glorious, and yet never insist on reclaiming the vanished past? If this life be not glorious, lofty and a great privilege and dignity in itself, I know not why it needs completion at one end more than at the other, or must draw

after it the future while yet cut from the past. This shows we ought to find glory here, now, even if there be nothing more; and surely it is greediness to think this life good for nothing if no other be to come. Truly I am ashamed of this bad feeling and evil grasping, and that it should be cloaked with religion. The true piety is like that of Aurelius:

“How can it be that the gods, after having arranged all things well and beneficially for mankind, have overlooked this alone, that some men, and very good men, and men who, as we may say, have had most communion with the divinity, when once they have died, should never exist again, but be completely extinguished? But if this be so, be assured that if it ought to have been otherwise the gods would have done it, and if it were according to nature, nature would have had it so. For thou seest even of thyself that in this inquiry thou art arguing with the deity, and we would not argue with the gods unless they were most excellent and just; but if this be so, they would not have allowed anything in the ordering of the universe to be neglected unjustly and irrationally.”

In accordance with this he says in another place:

“Pass, then, through this little space of time conformably to nature and end thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.”

Whoever rejoices not in this life, with exultation and thanksgiving, will have no better knowledge of another, either before it is come or after he is in it. For life is all one, like a web unrolling; and if one yard of it be mean, the whole pattern is condemned.

OF DEATH

Death lieth still in the way of life,
Like as a stone in the way of a brook;
I will sing against thee, Death, as the brook does,
I will make thee into music which does not die.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

ALBEIT my interest in death is wholly from the spiritual side, having no elemental or physiological knowledge of it, yet I may divide discourse of it into two parts, one of which will have regard to the body. I will treat first of death as a physical fact, and secondly of some moral thoughts clustering around it. In the first part I will speak of the fear of death, the ease, the simplicity of it, and its aspect as a function of life; and in the second part will follow the thoughts of the possible vicinity of the dead, the democracy of death, and the look of dead faces.

The fear of death has been raised too much and set up on high, especially by preachers, like the brazen serpent in the wilderness over the heads of the Israelites; but not with so good excuse as that symbol had, for this fear has not been curative, I think, nor made into pleasant or graceful shape, but rather a horrid spectacle, to affright people. For that men can be frightened into piety has been one of the legacies of religion which barbarous ages have bequeathed us plentifully. I think if the priests spoke not of death in order to make the fear of it the greater, the healthy human heart would take less note of it. Not.

withstanding, the fear of it belongs to the nature of the bodily life; for the body has an instinctive recoil from danger, injury, destruction; which is no more than to say, in another way, that it is living. Wherefore this recoil is so much the greater as health and vitality are stronger; and yet health, which is only an exuberant sense of life bounding and abundant, will make death less present or habitual to thought; so that the force of life which recoils from death is that very thing which shuts it out from imagination.

When death lodges in the mind, the foreboding springs, if I have counted all, from three classes of feeling, which may work separately or all together, according to individual experiences. These are, first, uncertainty or terror as to what may come after the change, which the familiar words of Hamlet set forth:

“The dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will.”

Secondly, attachment to a happy life, to surrounding pleasures, and especially to dear and sacred loves; and this sometimes takes the form of intense curiosity as to events forthcoming, especially if one's lot be cast in moving epochs and great exigencies, which incite the ardent soul to a mighty grip and desire of life, until the issue of great events shall become clear. Thirdly, the painful conditions which attend death sometimes, and to the mind or the fear of many persons always; for even if none be visible, many fear an obscure and unrepresented agony in the rending of

life from the body; which terror springs from unnatural, and thence constrained, unsightly, and painful dissolutions, especially by violent diseases; for these once witnessed, or even described, will make strong impress on imagination. Nevertheless, nature has her ways of death, as shortly I shall say, which are sightly and kind; and it is well if the imagination lay hold of these, as Browning does when he speaks of death as "half a pang, and all a rapture."

The fear of death is slighter in youth, because youth reflects less and especially of the future, and also, perhaps, as finely has been said, because it is the time of life "before the habit of living has been very firmly established." The fear is greatest in mid-age, because then the mind ponders much, and because life, wherein it is affected by the body, then is at its highest, memory being then most vivid, present enjoyment keenest, and the future most hopeful. The fear is least in old age, because desire and strength have been satisfied; which a poet thus figures:

"Just as a child, that at its mother's breast
Has drunk its fill so eagerly, that now
Its eyes stand staring open, and its lips
Tremble, like those of a worn out old man;
And both of them sink down in one sweet sleep."

I find the fear of death rises and falls, being greater at one time and less at others, or falling indeed to nothing. This observation I have made in myself. Whence I conclude that the foreboding varies with health, bodily and mental; if which be true, it is plain that death causes not wholly and substantially the fear

of it, which it would do if truly and in itself it were a fearful thing (as it can not be rationally, since it is natural), but that the fear springs from affections which come between us and death like a distorting vapor. For I have found the fear of death less as the soul is elastic, joyful, healthful, in good morality and at peace; wherefore Bacon's saying falls true in a very noble sense, that "death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him."

It is my observation that fear of death is not much present to life's occupations and pleasures; this is right and natural, for wisdom has always its hands full with the moment which is. Therefore, *memento mori* is a needless maxim, and rather to be ascribed to the priests, as I have said, than to healthy sense; and, as Bacon says on this point, "in religious meditation there is sometimes a mixture of vanity and superstition." *Memento vivere* were better, wise and salutary, as Aurelius says thus: "If thou shalt be afraid, not because thou must some time cease to live, but if thou shalt fear never to have begun to live according to nature, then thou wilt be a man worthy of the universe which has produced thee."

The ease and simplicity of death has been remarked very often; yet it is not pondered as it should be perhaps, so admirable and beautiful is it. Animals show terror of destruction, but I think never any fear of dying; and this not because of their ignorance, but because death is so soft and gentle a passage. Our dumb fellow creatures recognize in some sense the

advent of the change, and go apart from their fellows, even sometimes into very secluded and hidden places; so that I have read that the dead of some of the wiser of the creatures never have been found. This they do, quietly and even in confinement; as, in gardens of natural history, high creatures like intelligent apes have been seen to lie down for death with a very clear look of comprehension in the eye. Man, who can utter his sensations, has witnessed to the ease of death very often. When the physician told Anquetil his end was near, he said: "My friend, you behold a man dying full of life." William Hunter said: "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." Fontenelle, being asked if he suffered, answered, "I only feel a difficulty of existing." Haller kept his expert touch on his own pulse and said calmly at last to a brother physician, "My friend, the artery beats no longer." I have read that an officer wounded in a naval battle said, as life ebbed, "I had no idea it was so pleasant a thing to die;" and that Solander, having nearly perished in the snow with cold, was so pleased with the sensations that he resented his rescue; and that a man who was nearly drowned resisted resuscitation with all his power, because the sinking away of his senses he found so delightful. Florence Nightingale has reported that indifference is the usual state, but that divers diseases have divers effects; so that in some the dying show a peculiar peace, even joyfulness, which sometimes is rapturous; but in others terror or despair appears. The like observations have been made on

death mechanically enforced, the face being distorted when a shot wound has inflicted it, but calm when a sword has cut the life-thread. Whence is it not to be concluded plainly that it is not death that is affrighting or an evil, for this is the same fact in all the conditions; but the different states or incidents of the body that take death differently? And so, too, they might take heat, cold, food, sleep differently, and sometimes painfully, though these be all natural and delightful. Higginson narrates that an eminent physician assured him that in all his medical experience he never met a dying person who was afraid of dying. These tributes to the softness and the ease of death, the delightfulness of the approach of the great change, are very plentiful, and will affect the mind deeply if reason dwell on them. It is a truth which seems to have repeated itself in all ages, for mythologies give a domestic and peaceable turn to death, as in a beautiful fable of ancient India that the death messenger is the soul of the first man, who thus perpetually comes back to call patriarchally each of his descendants to follow him.

From this I pass to the aspect of death as a function of life; for certainly it is no other kind of act than a living act, and as much so as sleeping, which always has been called its twin brother. Schefer exclaims, "Man dies alive; think upon that for once!" Yet it is to be remarked that this idea comes only with knowledge, for savages believe only in violent deaths as natural, but other deaths they think come by magic or sorcery. Did not religion continue the

like when it proclaimed death to be the wages of sin? and thereby did it not nourish witchcraft, and the evil eye, and many superstitions, by which, even into late time, death has been explained, after the barbarous manner, by sorcery? Schefer has a daring, yet a religious way, of proclaiming death a living function, saying that God did not "invent" it.

"Love—life—death—God hath not invented them;
He through eternity was life itself,
And will be blissful life in love and death
While he abides—that is eternally."

Nay, Browning calls death even a culmination, age being "The last of life for which the first was made," and then "Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same;" which thought Schefer states thus more at length:

"Each time a task
Is done, there is also a taking leave
Of it; to drain the beaker is to take
Leave of the draught; to rise from table means
A parting from the meal; to rise from bed
A parting from the sleep and from the dream,
Which man shall sleep no more, shall dream no more.
Every completion is at the same time
A final parting from it, as the artist
Parts from his work. * * * *
Only to shake out nut shells from their laps
Have the departing."

But I speak of death at death's time; for whatever is natural has its natural season. Therefore it is well to distinguish between timely and untimely death; and I like not the religion which loads the untimely deaths

on Providence, while in truth they belong to our disobedience. It is not piety but folly to treat all alike. A writer well calls it strange that we have only one word for the natural end or completion of life, and for its interruption, "for the event," he says, "which closes a long day's toil and for that which crashes like a thunderbolt into the opening blossom of family life." Epictetus has it that death is no evil, as it is not an evil to ripe corn to be reaped: but if the corn be not ripe then the nature of it is thwarted, and this is an evil. The which evil, I say, I will lay on the folly of men, and not on the intention of God. Schefer has a better piety, saying that an untimely death is painful to us in that dire way which the departure of reverent age never affects us withal, because the Eternal mind is unwilling. Thus he says:

"Untimely death is woe,
A breach of life; life breaks in two with pain!
Pain seizes on the great Eternal spirit
Who forfeits, and for naught, a form of his;
And this same pain the sufferer must bear.

* * * * *

It burns the living ones who gather round,"

While I must call death a living function, as plainly it is, yet it is an act of a high organism, and so has on it the stamp of nature's completion of her ideal; for death is the stopping of the motion of an organism, but not a destruction of the organism, which follows only by slow degrees and by inorganic agents when the mystery of the life-power has ceased. But there

are creatures whose only possible extinction is destruction. A scientific writer says:

"Death is not an attribute that belongs to all organisms; there are many of the lower organisms which, although they can be destroyed, are not compelled to die. In the division of the *amœbæ* we can not call it death, for where is the corpse? Let us suppose an *amœba* to possess consciousness; it would then, on dividing, say to itself: 'I have cut off from myself a daughter.' I do not doubt that each half would think that the other half was the daughter, and would look upon itself as the original individual."

Whence it appears, as I have said, that death is a high act, belonging to superiority.

Death always has been notable as a mystery; and certainly it is a strange thing and altogether inexplicable that such a quiet suddenly should descend upon intelligence so active but a moment before. For what the activity was, or in what way stopped, or whither the power has gone, we can not follow. It is certainly past all understanding that looking on the eye full of the life of thought and of love, we see a glaze of unmeaningness come over it; for what has become of the thought, the love, how it could cease, and if not ceasing whither flown, the whole world has tried to say immemorially, yet never said. But, it is worthy of remark and of constant reflection, that the mystery of death is no greater than the mystery of birth.

"How one who stood before thee in the flesh
Could from such sunshine vanish out of sight
That by the grave thou sadly ponderest.

* * * * *

But take now wonder for wonder, joy for grief;
How one who was so long invisible
In such a sunshine can at length appear,
That by the infant's cradle ponder thou."

The two mysteries are exact opposites, birth being a mystery of advent, and death of departure; for at birth we wonder whence the soul comes, at death whither it goes. Now, as to receive is joyful, and to give up is painful, and therefore the advent a happy mystery and death a sad one, the greater awe which most persons have of death seems to speak the greater intensity of grievous than of joyful feeling; but I question whether this be a fact creditable to our piety, and whether, if duly we were grateful, the wrench of our affections at a death would be any more poignant than the exaltation of them by a birth. And if this were so, would not the mystery of the one so balance and illumine the secret of the other as to cast the light and glow of faith all about it? If we follow Plutarch, and that manner of looking at life which the poets have, and which it is safe to follow, we shall see life so thronged with mysteries, and every step and change in it such a secret, that death will seem but one of a large fellowship, into which other secrets run, as rivers into a sea, all of one substance. Plutarch quotes from Heraclitus, that "it is the same thing to be dead and alive, asleep and awake, a young man and decrepit; for these alternately are changed one into another." This is like the science of physicists, who show us that all forces—as light, heat, electricity—are interchangeable, so that one is continually waking

from another, and then sleeping in another, and thence reawaking, so that all the forces are but one in different forms. In like manner, whatever death be, it can not be a gap, as when something is cut off or broken; for this is contrary to the interchangeableness of nature's elements. What natural thing is there that comes not by degrees and gradations? Neither can death be thought of as an amazement; either it must be extinction or no surprise, and so in either case no surprise.

To know death we must know life. Goethe says: "Thou wouldst be pleased with death? Then why always at variance with life?" And Seneca to like effect: "If we are anxious about the future, it is because we use not the present." They then will be pleased with death who are pleased with life, and they will enter on dying with vigor who have lived with industry. This is a brave thought. Once I met a man who averred that he could not think of a life hereafter because he found this life so magnificent. The trees, he said, the hillsides, the waters, the sunbeams, so laughed and joyed and disported in his eyes that life had its full for him; and how could anything, he asked, be more than full, or how could he dream reasonably of something more when once he was satisfied. I would not commend his judgment, though the joyful thankfulness was beautiful; better the soaring imagination of the apostle, that eye liath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, what yet may be in store; and our hymnist Hosmer's sounding of infinity:

"Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be,
In the future thou shalt find
How far the fact hath left behind
Thy fondest dreams."

If so we live as to take in a common way, without wonder or imagination, but as commonplace things, all our life's happenings, then nothing is left to be uncommon but death, which therefore will appall and trouble us, and loom up strangely, and the experience of the strange will be fearful to us. The secret, therefore, is that if life be rich in religious awe as to all things, death will excite no other emotion than well we are used to; thus the rich life makes the natural death, or death natural. But distinguish well in this matter, and consider where this thought is brave and true, and at what point it becomes over-ripened, as it were, and decays to a fall; for to court death and profess ardor for it, as if it were the business of life to set about dying, often has been a foolish vein of piety. I know not what has had more deceits about it and more vain imaginings than piety; and this naturally enough, for always the best things are most prone to perversion. To desire death is not to be pleased with it, but to be displeased with life; and Seneca says wisely, "Nothing is baser than to wish to die." Things that dispose to this wish are weariness, weakness, pain, love, disappointment and even, sometimes, curiosity. For I have read of Plato's disciples that so they were ravished by their master's descriptions of the hereafter that they killed themselves to

enter those glories. But this was no better than pleasure seeking. And of like baseness are most motives that urge to die. Yet not all; for if one be in great and incurable straits of bodily pain, it seems not thankless, neither cowardly, nor in any way base, to wish a bodily end to them. And some wise men have thought, indeed, that in such case human life might be taken mercifully, and with wise precautions, just as we deal mercifully with dumb creatures in like condition. On this opinion I determine not; for whether yet we have the wisdom, the knowledge and the goodness for such responsibilities, is not plain. But the morality of the wish and will to live is to be enforced, for this is simple duty and manly courage. Wish and will to recover have much to do with holding death at a distance. Under strong feeling persons have turned back from the very gates of death—yea, recrossed the threshold of it and leased anew chambers of time for a season; on the other hand, persons have died because they would. A physician once assured me he had seen a man will himself out of the world in whom was no physical ill whatever.

I come now to the second part of my discourse of death, and shall speak of some thoughts that gather around it; of which the first is, the possible nearness of the dead about us. We have only to inspect our ignorance to know how easily such a fact may be; so that, though there may be no sensible evidence, yet it offends not reason or knowledge. If a man but goes from one room to another, why we see him not through a wooden partition yet behold him again if

he walk past a glass door, we can not tell; for why through wood we see not and yet look through glass, is beyond all our philosophy. Yet what more know we of the barriers between us and the living dead, and of the limits or cause whereby our sight and hearing of them cease? Wherefore it is no foolish thought that they may be as near as one of us to another in different rooms of the same house, or in different houses of the same city, or in different countries of the same world; for in all these cases we are beyond interview and audience, yet know not by what laws or means vibrations touch not our eyes and ears. Also we know that betwixt the greatest number of pulsations that will twinge the ear, and the smallest number thereof which impinging on the nerve affect it as heat, there is a great gap, the pulsations in which rouse no sense in us; and again, another vast multitude of vibrations betwixt the boundary of heat and the beginning of light; and another illimitable space thereof beyond violet luminosity; to all of which we have no sensibility. Yet why we know not, nor whether other creatures may not have perceptions of these intervening areas of motions which we perceive not; nor whether all the senses were not long a-growing, and became five in number only after countless ages, and whether others be not now a-growing, or some waiting perhaps to burst at the change which we call death, as light might burst on a man born blind. Wherefore there is beauty and not folly in the suggestion which some have offered that to die may be like growing a new

sense; and since the gaps are so many and vast wherein we have no perception of motions, and at last we reach an infinitude of them into which we can not pass, I must suspect a great company of things and beings all about us not now perceivable by any sense; and whether hereafter to be perceivable, who can tell?—a wonderful unimaginable order of life wherein are all beauties (since what order of life is not full?) and warm with love, since so is the highest order which we wot of. There must be heavens which contain ours.

Another thought which charms me is the democracy of death, because it comes to all, and in the same quiet lays great and little, opening the portal to a troop of chemical dissectors which know no difference of flesh. As to powers and possessions, the democracy of death has full sway; for as darkness makes all things of one hue, so death brings to one color all things except good and evil. The Arabians have a story which pictures how death handles the tinsel of fortune. Haroon Er-Rasheed, at a grand fête which he was giving, ordered a poet to depict in verse the sensuous enjoyments of his sovereign. The poet began thus:

“Live long in the safe enjoyment of thy desires, in the shadow of thy lofty palaces.”

“Well said,” exclaimed Er-Rasheed, “and what next?”

“May thy wishes be abundantly fulfilled, whether at eventide or in the morning.”

“Well again,” said the Khaleefeh; “then what next?”

“And when the rattling breath struggles in the dark cavities

of the chest, then shalt thou know surely that thou hast been only in the midst of illusions."

Er-Rasheed wept, and Fadl, the son of Gahya, said: "The Prince of the Faithful sent for thee to divert him, and thou hast filled him with much grief."

"Suffer him," said the Prince, "for he hath beheld us in blindness, and it displeased him to increase it."

Like to this is Maundeville's account of Prester John, that, besides gold, silver, and jewels in token of the Emperor's greatness, "they carry before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his nobleness and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth."

Of the democracy of death touching the mind, that we know not so surely. Some have thought that hereafter all would be equal, genius and all differences lying wholly in the brain, which is but an implement. By this reasoning a dull man is simply like a workman with a poor tool. 'Tis said that he is no carpenter who can not bore with a hand-saw and saw with a gimlet. Nevertheless, good tools avail, and the rarest spirit with a twisted instrument will make but ill work. Bacon has this thought thus: "The soul having shaken off her flesh doth then set up for herself, and contemning things that are under, shows what finger hath enforced her, for the souls of idiots are of the same piece with those of statesmen, but now and then nature is at a fault, and this good guest of ours takes soil in an imperfect body, and so is slackened from showing her wonders, like an excellent musician which can not utter himself upon a defective instrument." This is a humane hope for pitiful and unsound brains, that here seem like thick meshes

around a lion, hiding his shape and showing only his struggles. But that this measures the whole, who can tell? For we are of many elements, and very wonderfully made in the parts that we can see; so wherefore not perhaps more wonderfully and with more delicate complexity in the parts under those parts? Hence, souls may exceed one another in fineness or in power even more than bodies do.

As to bodies, the democracy of death is certain and complete; for all "thaw, melt and resolve themselves into dew" at touch of that shining ebon mace, and all mingle, like waters of many colors running to one hue. If "all that tread the earth are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom," as our poet says, 'tis like there is no particle of matter on the surface of the earth that some time has not done vital service in a living creature, beat in some heart, or in some brain vibrated with sense or thought. In a gentle mouth or savage jaw, in a hand or a claw, or many times in each, it has lived. Who knows when he walks on the matter and with his feet spurns the atoms which yet may beam at him from beloved eyes? It is no imagination, but soberness of fact, that in a tropic jungle the beast of prey discharges from his lungs an atom which then caught up by a plant and lodged in a fruit is in the fine juice that we relish; and forthwith the matter that rent the tiger's prey, or uttered his roar, now croons a mother's lullaby over the cradle. 'Tis a great wonder how the same atoms obey such different spirits, and one substance that once reeked with the rank sweat or stretched to the vulgar leer of

a clown now is serviceable in the fiber and smile of gentle breeding. But this is the democracy of death, which lets no substance be entailed, and makes all bodies common, yet wonderfully leaves the spiritual being intact, as in and out the atoms go, molded by the shape and nature of the mind.

This thought has the reach to point to a seat above mortality. For the drift of matter through our bodies affects not our identity; and if not one atom or two, or a hundred at once, why then should all together rob us of ourselves? Very likely the same atom will serve many times in us; or we use in our way particles which some ancestor employed, whereby the same matter is burned many times over in smiles, gestures, tones, which have a family likeness. Meantime, the spiritual features are untouched, neither is the mind changed either by loss or by addition, while it distributes the atoms into forms and again cuts them loose. Here then is a spirit of unimpeachable identity in a frame which is as fluent as water.

The look of death in the features of the face is a noteworthy bodily fact. For often it has been remarked that an unwonted nobility and even grandeur awakes in a countenance when its motions have ceased. Lavater has written:

“Of the many dead persons that I have seen I have observed uniformly that sixteen, eighteen or twenty-four hours after death, according to the disease, they have had a more beautiful form, better defined, more proportionate, harmonious, homogeneous, more noble, more exalted than they ever had during life. Among the dying I have observed some who

were the reverse of noble or great during their life who some hours after their death, or perhaps some moments—one was in a delirium—have shown an inexpressible ennobling of the countenance. Everybody saw the new man—coloring, drawing, grace, all was new, all bright as the morning, heavenly; beyond expression noble and exalted; the most inattentive must see, the most insensible feel, the image of God. I saw it break forth and shine through the ruin of corruption; was obliged to turn aside in silence and adore.”

If there be in all (as who can doubt and live?) a natural incorruptible ideal, it is according to this that the features should be expressive; but this expression is overlaid by our evil will, our passions, our perversions, which pull the earthly image of the flesh awry. Now, when these cease, the form seems to settle back nearer to its intended shape, according to the ideal around which first it was builded. Hence a gain in nobleness of expression, and sometimes a startling change, and even an exaltation, as Lavater has said.

Thus having spoken of death as to the body, and again as to some thoughts that attend it, it is worthy of reflection before we part with it, that it has a meaning for us touching the living, namely, that we should behave well to them; for soon they must end and we end, and at the farthest not late, and mayhap at any instant. Then, when any die, and we, being left and standing beside what they have left, look backward, since we can not see forward—

“The days, to suffering and to loving ones,
Seem now for the first time true holy times;
Now glowing memory sees that all the days
Of life were just so holy, just so rare,
So matchless; yet, who thinks of this?”

The poet means, Who thinks of this while the flying days pass? Yet we might see them beautiful, sacred, tender, or at least more see them so than we do at the time of them. Whence comes loss, as precious days go by ungathered, and sorrow afterward, when we look down from the death-height on their vacancies. The poet says again, the German Schefer:

“Revere the living, stand in awe of them,
 * * * * * *
 They may one day, and soon, before thine eyes
 Become dead men; and whatsoe’er of harm
 Thou day by day hast ever done to them
 That thou hast done to poor, poor, poor dead men,
 * * * * * *
 And on thyself the deed comes rushing back;
 The earth now with her open eye—the grave—
 Stares at thee for it.
 * * * * * *
 The blow thou gavest the poor sick dog
 Will awake remorse in thee when he is dead.”

The sanctity of the last time is worthy of reflection, for it sets up as on a shrine even the most common things. However of little moment the act, it would be a hard nature that would not pause at the instant with a certain awe if knowing that now for the last time the act was to be done. But this lifts everything into a tenderness and sanctity, if one weigh it rightly, since it is certain that the last time will happen, yet, when happening shows not. This morality Schefer has clothed tenderly in his verse:

“For the last time all things begin henceforth
 So softly to occur; for the last time
 The almond blooms, how sweetly, wondrously;
 * * * * * *

For the last time now comes the father home
With such a friendly joy in all his kin;
For the last time the sun goes down; the stars
For the last time climb up the darkling sky;
For the last time on yonder moonlit hill
The children sing their songs of Easter night.
For the last time around the table all
The gathered loved ones sit. For the last time
The children tell the mother a good-night,
The mother on each forehead prints a kiss
And clasps them long in silence to her breast.
For the last time comes sleep, the friend of man;
For the last time a holy stillness reigns—
Till suddenly the parting startles all."

This has a tone of joy in it, for deep joys are as serious as sorrows. And I would not counsel gloom at all, nor soberness in excess; yet we might treat passing moments more sacredly than we do, to the effect of more joy in the act and more peace in the remembrance.

OF EMERGENCY

I HAVE noticed that short-necked people think quickly, the long-necked slowly. Whether this be because the head is then the nearer to the centre of vital effluence in the heart or the farther from it I know not, but the fact I have observed. Indeed, I have it plainly set forth in myself. For I have much mental inertia. It takes me long to get in motion. I have to gaze at an assemblage of facts a long time before a path appears in the tangle, either for speech or for action. And my neck is more a crane's than an

owl's. But howsoever this difference may report in bodily shape, certainly it is an important difference, and makes one man a leader and another a baggage in an emergency. Yet, in another kind of balance, the baggage may weigh more than the man who drags it along in a stress. Emergency is a sudden coming forth of a strait or difficulty which demands a quick accession of power to meet it, because it grows worse if tardily encountered. In such a stress, when the right word or act must be instant, one man will leap to it while another is casting about; and with others, emergency quenches all thinking in a kind of amazement. Whether the quick-thinking mind or the slow-thinking be the higher may be questioned; but certainly the two are different, and each is the better in his own place. I have heard of a Hebrew scholar who was wont to part men into two classes: "Those who know more than they know, and those who know less than they know;" by which sententious remark he meant that some know more than appears, or indeed than they can manage, because they can never get their forces out at call, either for parade or to battle; but others know less than they promise, because they parade their detachments so quickly and so imposingly. The one can do at command; the other needs warning, and asks waiting if anything is to be had from him. The one can give a quick buffet, and like enough a strong one, in exigency; the other can pierce irresistibly but slowly in search of fact or law, like a screw of very fine thread. That which obtains in all

emergency is that if the moment be lost it never comes back; wherefore it is well to store knowledge richly, but to give time also to practice the mind in arts of access to the store; for a man is poor who has treasures locked in a high tower but flings the key into every surge of emotion.

So far of mental and practical emergencies. But there are moral; and these are of temptation and of endurance. Exigencies of temptation give the poet his tragedies; for is there anything really tragical but moral failure? Sometimes one yields to a sudden great allurements who has won the combat of many weaker assaults. But this is rare, and usually when the temptation has to help it either some other evil disposition not combated, as hatred, ambition, greed, or some strong good emotion, as when a man steals food for his hungry infant, wherein the poignancy of holy love is the onset against moral observance. But this, I say, is rare, and he who wins in the many common temptations will have a rush of power, as if guardian forces attend him, to meet a precipitate exigency of enticement. Emergency of temptation is like a sudden fiery assay that analyzes rich virtue from a meager ore which has had an untried repute.

“How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,”

only because the fashion of their neighborhood goes not to the barber, but who, when plucked by the beard by abrupt danger are shown weaklings. A vast deal of uprightness there is which itself stands

not, but is held up by custom, by sheltered place, by respectable precincts, and falls when emergent weight of temptation is too much for these props—as the flying angels of a play-house drop if the invisible wires break. Hence great crimes shoot, astonishing us, done by long trusted persons. But the criminal's correctness was not honesty, but a polite code well fenced in fine houses—which two a crucible of temptation distinguishes. It is a happy point for human nature that we take for granted the virtue and courage of the well-chambered, the untried, and look for it. For this is no amiable weakness. There must be much truth in the general faith that the common goodness is more than an erect posture shored up; and doubtless the greater number are good stuff when put to proof. Many also are proved secretly by pains and combats we know not of.

If the emergency of temptation give the poet his tragedy, the emergency of endurance is the entrance of the hero thereof. For a great temptation overcome is itself a stress of emotion or of pain well borne. To bear is harder than to do; therefore to be equal to an emergency of endurance has always been rated very high in virtue—the martyr's crown, the halo of the obscure hero, of the domestic saint. But the kind of bearing is to be examined. There is a stolid and sour endurance, the which is no more than a rage which, being impotent to invade or resist, burns sullenly on itself. But the beauty of a sweet and patient endurance is, perhaps, the greatest of all beauty; for there is not a thought of self in it—only pure piety and hu-

mility. But often it has a double grace—when pain is met to shield others from it; for then to the dignity of patience is joined the loveliness of devotion.

I have observed that some persons who endure little ills only badly and peevishly meet great distresses with nobility. Strange fact, seeming contrary to moral analogies! I know not how to account for the power thus to be noble in the great when ignoble in the small, nor to class the fact, unless with sheer selfishness of reason and of will; for, surely one who discerns cause and summons power to meet bravely great stress of pain in body or mind, may see reason and raise strength to mount over little ills, if mind and will be applied. I must call it the nobler and stronger thing to bear graciously the daily privations and pathway pains, however little conspicuous or historical; for, first, this unvaunting heroism will be found equal to great occasion if called to it; secondly, what more divine than to meet all the daily bombs and rockets of a much-besieged life, intrenched in quietude and with victorious sallies of common patience.

In fine, it seems that the emergency of volition or of action not so much tests quality of mind as distinguishes species thereof; but exigent temptation and emergency of endurance are assays of soul.

OF CONSCIENCE

PERHAPS it is strange to speak of using the conscience; so of the will; as if there were a conscience and a will back of them. Yet this is common speech. It is often said, "bring your conscience to bear," or "put forth your will." But what is to urge conscience but conscience, or what drive the will but will. This is like a poet's thought concerning a dream,

"In which you, dreaming, image your own heads;" which perhaps a man never does awake, for it has been remarked how hard it is to call up an image of ourselves. Though Luther called the epistle of James a *straminea epistola*, yet the apostle has the wisdom to compare a man's forgetfulness of his visage with his moral ignorance of himself; for he says, "If any one be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like a man beholding his natural face in the mirror, for he beholdeth himself and goeth away and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." I know not whether it be so as to dreams, as the poet says. Novalis suggests a different conclusion; "We are near waking when we dream that we dream." For surely it must be very like dreaming of dreaming to dream that we, the dreamers, behold ourselves apart. But however this, it seems something like it to speak of using conscience, or of using the will; for these are, if so I may speak, the users of all the other powers, as the eye is the organ of seeing all things;

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and since the "eye sees not itself but by reflection by some other thing," so how can conscience and will, which lie under all using, lie also under the use of themselves? Yet though this be a strange thought, would it not be stranger still if men spoke so, yet without any meaning, and uttered something that had no import whatever? I must think, therefore, that so long as we can get so much image of anything as to clothe it with vestiture of language, there is yet a greater depth; and however elemental what we speak of, as conscience seems, and will seems, still, if we can bring them into speech at all, there must be "in the lowest deep a lower deep," as Milton has it, of which we can not even think or speak; yet, perhaps, it is out of this that men speak of a conscience of conscience, or a will over will.

Now here, though we swim in deep waters, and know not what is under us, yet in some way we must trust to the whole depth and integrity of the sea, as he that swims dives fearlessly, knowing that he will not be dashed against anything. How little soever we can explain or express it, it seems a fact that there is a kind of conscience of conscience; for conscience may be turned awry, or fall sick in a moral pestilence, like any other faculty, and then it reports its illness to somewhat in us as the body does to the mind. Everything has just its own place, and conscience no more than its own; wherefore it may tyrannize or usurp like any other power, and encroach. Therefore, however strange it may seem, I think any one may observe some delicate persons whose conscience

is tyrannous, that is, so races into view at all moments as to take no account of any harmony, but thrusts itself forward at all times like a much-speaking person who talks so much that perforce he can not utter wisdom always. I know not whether one may not be bridled and ridden by conscience as by any other judgment or feeling or faculty. And if conscience may sicken by induration as often is seen, until there be no sensitiveness, why may it not sicken also the other way by being nursed indoors, as it were, till it grows soft and takes a shock from the natural air? Perhaps conscience is in this state when persons object to aught in its own place, or conceive too readily that it has no place, as for example dancing and other pleasures. For there are many to whom pleasure itself savors of evil and every gayety is a peril, a brute ignorance in the lamb that frisks, but a corruption of heart in the man who sports. I think I have seen such like diseases, as I have said; I have seen (unless I be color-blind in this matter, and unwittingly, as all blindness is, for the only perfect blindness is blindness to the blindness) a conscience so exacting for truth that it will over-ride every claim of mercy, and trample on a personal feeling as if, so I have thought sometimes, a keen eye and obedient speech for truth must set a devil's hoof on the heart. Now the truth has its claims; and while I argue not here what claims, yet I deem awry that conscience which so combines the truth with all claims as to think the sum of all duties, or even at all times the chief, is to set forth the truth. There is a virtue which

is as unyielding as adamant, and as proof against all temptations as a granite cliff against the wave which it breaks to spray; but this virtue may be as grim as it is strong, and nourish no green thing and no beauty on it. I have heard the saying, "I like this man's faults better than that other man's virtues," which, though it be an imperfect and partial saying, if examined logically, like many such that condense much in a little, has simply this meaning in it, that conscience may be tyrannous; and this is the same as to say inflated, vain, complacent, for no one can be a tyrant who has not a vast opinion of himself. This leads to think how great and splendid a thing good motive is; and, indeed, I will admit that perhaps conscience lies wholly therein; for though I have spoken of a sick conscience, perhaps when the motive be sound it is the judgment only that is ill; and then perhaps judgment can not sicken unless the heart ail also; and so sometimes it appears that all is out of health together except only the soundness of the motive, which is the last citadel of health.

Notwithstanding, pestilence may surprise even the castle of motive; and it is a strange power (rising up out of the depth which speech can not explore, nor thought even think of, as the eye can not see vision) that by conscience we can lay down rules for conscience and train it by good exercise, which is, for aught we know, as if a member of the body, feeling its own weakness, should set itself at exercise to gain strength. To mention some of this discipline, I would say conscience should not be displayed much

in speech, still less by profession and of purpose; for is there not a certain modesty of mind as well as of body? Not to wear the heart on the sleeve is a good precept, and not a mere prudence but a delicacy; and so ought the conscience to be felt and known sacredly and not worn outside or proclaimed wantonly. There are privacies in the soul which willfully to strip naked is no more virtuous than in the body; but it is so much more a delicate viciousness that often mental modesty yet has to be grown to after the bodily long has been attained, so that many who would be confounded to be even a little undraped below the head walk stark nude in soul. I would have the conscience reserved chastely like our more uncomely parts, which, as the apostle says, "have more abundant honor," and, though draped in seclusion, are the media of life. Wherefore boast not of moral niceties, and set not out fine fidelities to the eye, but rather observe them faithfully, yet in some way cloaked by an easy manner, or at least not announced and argued—a rightness of soul which Emerson advises thus:

"Mask thy wisdom with delight;
Toy with the bow, yet hit the white."

It goes with this that conscience on slight occasions is to be avoided; I mean not, of course, that we may do slight wrongs, or even be little diligent in our own mind to decide on moral quality; but beware lest we make a kind of shame or wrong of a little point, which, though a duty, yet has its proportion and is not to be treated with grandeur and circumstance, as

if, like Huss, one were going to the names for refusing an equivocation. For though every duty has a great value, and every faithfulness which costs judgment and will has a grandeur beyond compass of speech, yet this is a value and a greatness like that of the earth-worm in his place, but not at the head of an army or clothed with pomp. Especially points of conscience are to be distinguished from matters of taste or judgment, for not everything which we disapprove must be lifted into a matter of conscience. Yet I have observed this to be a great fault, and perhaps I may say a common fault, wherever conscience is common; for many so befog themselves with little considerations, multiplying with every year, like the Rabbinical exactions growing for centuries, that at last every concession seems an iniquity, and any difference from themselves a difference from the right in how small a point soever. These persons are very uncomfortable in company; for, as Plutarch says the Athenians called their enviousness love of liberty, so these persons make the having their own way a point of morality. When once this ethical obstinacy has set in, there is no manner of treatment for it but to leave the victim alone; and I know of no disease more fit for a pest-house or an asylum than this; for even though others catch not the sickness (yet sometimes unsoundness spreads by imitation, which is a kind of mental contagion), still they will be plunged into struggles and contentions, as in dealing with the maniacal.

Now, as to cases of conscience, how they are to be

argued when questions arise, there are two sources of difficulty; one is complexity of conditions and elements, and the other is gradation. As to complexity, it is plain that no one can bring to one point the thousand elements and relations which any social act has; for it hangs by innumerable threads on what has gone before, and things to come are attached to it by still more countless webs. Now, as one can not know all the past and much less can foresee consequences the problem of what is right and wise is often too vast for the mind to decide on the grounds which are in view. For such occasions there are two touch-stones. The first is patience and waiting; for, though we can not gather all the threads to argue and set forth reasons, yet it is a pregnant mystery that if we but wait long enough in any difficulty, and steadily look, at last we shall see the way, though we be as little able to argue it as before. The second touch-stone is moral sincerity; for always it is notable that those who unselfishly, purely, truly wish to find the right, differ not much nor go far wrong together.

By difficulty of gradation in cases of conscience, I mean that right and wrong will sometimes pass one into the other by shades, as colors do, so that to draw a line anywhere and say, "On this side is the right, on that the wrong," will not bring all minds to agreement, nor can any one say surely where the line is, or whether there be one. For as one may start with white and by adding drops of blue finally arrive at intense indigo, yet be not able at any point to perceive that with one drop the color was white and with the

next blue, nor yet be able to deny that after space enough it is blue at one end and white at the other, so with moral quality; though the extremes be plain enough, it is not easy always to argue quality or duty between. Now, for this difficulty the cure, as before, is sincerity. For however hard to argue a division line, the mind which, with simplicity, wishes to know the true nature of the case, will not grope long, nor will many who thus are sincere be found far from each other.

From all this it will be judged rightly that to carry conscience well and nobly is a moral beauty, as carrying the head well is a physical grace. What arrests us in fine creatures notable for power and grace, like horses and antelopes, is the proud, fiery, splendid carriage of the head, wherein are expressed dignity, freedom and health. Now such a creature is a man; for if his head be poised by intelligence, devotion and dignity, it wags not widely for gesture or for assertion, but sits serenely, and the magnificence of its carriage seizes the eye. The like grace and power the character sets forth if conscience be carried nobly and in stillness—high without assumption, open but chaste, strict but with largeness, severe but with charity.

OF HIS LETTERS

THERE are delights of friends together; but the charm of letters, the delicacy of the written word, the sight of the handwriting, and the character in these characters, is for the parted. Great joy it is; and no matter what bliss of union any two have had together, if never they have been parted, writing many and continuous letters, there is a chapter of bliss yet new for them. Not poems, not songs, are the love-lore of the world; but letters. Sometimes I bethink me that if the millions of letters in the mails of all the nations could be examined together on a day, they would honor the human heart; for would all the other contents of them together, whatever of selfishness, wickedness, cruelty, ambition, equal their freight of solicitude, of affection? A friend wrote me (excusing his slack correspondence) that the quill was the implement of his work, he being a scholar, and that when he had used it all day for duty, it was not easy to take it again for pleasure. Yes; reasonable. Yet happier he who has a stream of correspondence flowing with a gentle slope, like a mild but wide river, which moves without demonstration, but never stops. Literary labor falls easily to selfishness, isolation, petty sentiments, but epistles may enrich the work with a real and deep power. For,

however either genius or labor wield the pen, thoughts will not strike fire unless the heart bestow love; and only thoughtful service is bestowal, emotion being but the herald thereof.

The bliss of correspondence comes with letters not written at a sitting, but continually, at many moments, with fresh greetings at morning or farewells at night, with the impulse of an event just happened, or a great idea met. At such times a page may rush forth; or, again, a sentence, and less, a word, will be enough. I had a friend, a noble soul (I have him still wherever he be, though his bodily hand writes no more), whose habit was to carry in his pocket scraps of paper, labeled with the names of his friends; when came a thought or an event good to be written to one of these, he entered it on the appropriate paper. Thus his letters preserved for each the special substance of life to each belonging, and were a deep, beautiful stream.

It is a charm and benefit of letters that they are fresh and free with the wisdom that comes of life. Who studies for a letter? Who will plan researches, examine books, plunder lexicons, for a letter? Not from books, but from the morning outlook, the evening's reminiscence, the day's labor, the success or the overthrow, comes the letter, leaping from these like a familiar voice from a roar of sound, or even from a babel of noise, to the ear that knows it. If the letters have in them moral earnestness, religious reflection, they are the better, for these never are so natural as in the half privacy, half confidence, which a

letter is, being talk to a friend under the shelter of the twilight of distance. This is communion as if with a low voice at dark, when the face can not be searched. Then religion is an outpouring natural, simple, free, and from the very midst of affairs, like a spring in a marsh, and without the plague of doctrines.

I have this bliss, all of it, and more than I could tell with apparent soberness; for I have a friend who writes me as I have described. He is dear to me, surely; more, he deserves to be dear to a better; but the best is that he pours his excellence around me as I am. To describe him, not his mind nor his heart, for I will let these speak in his own words, but that he may be a figure to the mind's eye, imagine him thus: a swart brown man, with a deep-set gray eye and a jutting brow; with hair that once was rich all over a fine head, but now, thinned by labor and sorrow, sweeps and clusters low in the neck; an agile frame, rapid without hurrying; a strong nose, a kind mouth; firmness in the plant of his feet; honesty in the erection of his head. He directs a business reaching wide and far, nourishing many industries and filling his life with vast, absorbing labors. Out of these labors he writes me, and through his words I look at courage and faith. Thus he says :

"I cannot see the end of much that I must do, I cannot predict, but I have learned that the greatest test any one can be put to is to go fearlessly on in the right; and have faith enough to rest therein, looking neither backward nor forward, up nor down—rest I say in the sense of stability as a rock in the hillside, as though there were no yesterday. The hill bore

the storm then; it is gone; it has the sunshine of to-day; it is ready for to-morrow. I have several experiences of the wonderful discipline there is in faith, and the definition thereof is now realized to my mind. Faith is a misapplied word when set to the theological scheme as the way of salvation; faith to me now is something which follows truthful, disinterested, sincere action, and stands waiting to see whether you will accept whatever comes of such conduct, though it lead where you know not, see not, away entirely from your own plan. The point is whether I shall wish I had not done this or that, whether I shall wish another way had been chosen, whether I will seek to retrace steps, or whether I can say, I saw not, and yet I acted to do right. Gloom and anxieties followed and beset me everywhere, light has not come, night has set in; still the right existed all the same, and it follows not that it was wrong because building thereon all was not to be illuminated immediately. When thus I have thought, then the rest I have spoken of comes in, a something which does not permit of carrying yesterday into to-day's work, or of shadowing to-morrow before it comes. Then faith stands waiting to see whether you are willing to leave results to the right of yesterday to work its own way, though not your way. I have learned a little of it, feebly indeed yet, but I have seen enough light to gladden my heart on the way. I hope to have greater knowledge."

Thus my friend writes, in the spirit of the poet,

"Look straight at all things from the soul,
But boast not much to understand;
Make each new action sound and whole,
Then leave it in its place unscanned."

A man so minded is like to be a great lover of the country, because he will feel the adorable sweep of life and law, and will touch reverently whatever is; wherefore my friend writes:

"There is no life equal to that in a country home. Nothing would tempt me to live ever again in the city. Everything seems more honest here. The very air we breathe seems pervaded with a quality morally as well as physically bracing. It opens wonder-working to the mind, the power of silent forces in which man has no hand except as servant."

It is blissful to me to receive such-like words, not from studious hours, nor from sermons, or moralists' arguments, but from amid noisy affairs, as I have said. In the tumult he feels guarded, as if surrounded by a strong help; for thus he writes again:

"I feel sometimes that there is some spirit of good overhanging me, indefinable, yet so real as to lead me to wonder and wonder, and murmur thanks as though addressing some one; for you little know what difficulties I have had these two years, outside of injustice and death; and I have seen them approaching mountains high and rolling with the force of thundering seas, and have had to stand and face them, and instead of inundation and destruction, they would appear to strike and then to scatter as spray from a rock, and I would cry in my utmost soul a thanksgiving, and turn to see who and what the power was that had broken them. I felt humbled. What is the power, what the irresistible call that bade it come forth?"

Always a large soul has learned to wait, or has waked to life from the lap of a blessed patience which nurtures it forever. So with my friend. He has the wisdom which tries to force nothing, and he knows that the human mind works more than appears. He says:

"How often the door opens better than we can plan for ourselves! How often do I realize that a matter seems difficult to solve for weeks and weeks, and lies on the table, as it

were, before my mind, taken up off and on, laid down again, then finally is solved as by magic at an unexpected moment when apparently I had not thought of it."

He ascribes this power of mind to the justness and wholeness which a distant view gives, for he writes again:

"In your letter you mention how different matters look at a distance. Is it not because at a distance, or in retrospect, the former specially, intuition has its fair play and either becomes part of judgment or acts as a guide to it? It almost seems to me that intuition comes near to a supernatural power, and has in it a sure, analytical force, different in sort from that commonly used daily; to me it only comes with waiting."

Oh, the wisdom of that word, *waiting*! Whoso has learned the secret of life, of power, of thought, of command, can wait. Buffon (others too) calls genius only patience. De Maistre said, perhaps more truly: "To know how to wait is the great secret of success." But one must wait working; also work waiting. The waiting is the harder; many who can toil vastly when results speed closely, are disheartened if after labor they must wait. To wait with serene poise, which, having spared no effort, will then fear nothing nor agitate itself, but knows it is childish to assume the responsibilities of Providence—this is peace and strength. Light is sure at last, says my friend, thus:

"I am waiting for more light than I have yet, that I may know the best way. At such times I feel the need of a sympathetic heart to confer with. Well, I have always had daylight peeping through the cloud if I wait long enough; so I shall now."

But must there be light? Must the morning dawn

at last to these very eyes of flesh? Must we come out always victorious, and reap, bind, store away sheaves of reward? No; sometimes hope casts a long shadow, even over and beyond the horizon. Then enters with the courage to work and with the faith to work in darkness, and with the piety to wait, also a submission which has its own heroism. And this has my friend. He writes:

"Sometimes I feel as if breaking under a load. I have found myself murmuring to myself almost audibly, that if I can have five years more of vigor I would not ask for more. This comes of course from a desire to finish my appointed task and a fear sometimes lest I may go before it is done. Still, I do not brood over the fear; I do each day's work, and if at any time it be the last, why, I have done all time granted, that's all. More and more I grow to feel that the numbers of those whose lives entitle them to be judges of others is too small even to be counted one. The revealed part of action is so small a part of the whole, and yet the only part which the ninety and nine ever know of from which to judge. So when a life goes out and the judgment of our fellows is passed on it, how little they know, after all, and how well it is so often that it is hidden! So, whether I do or do not ever complete my work it will not matter much, for living I feel it important, but dead of no account."

This echoes to my heart with pathos the wise saying of Emerson, and each has the complete doctrine of Providence in it: "Every man is needed, and no man is needed much." 'Tis like also the thoughts of the Emperor Aurelius which are the last in his book:

"The man to whom that only is good which comes in due season, and to whom it is the same thing whether he has done more or fewer acts conformable to right reason, and

to whom it makes no difference whether he contemplates the world for a longer or shorter time—for this man neither is death a terrible thing. * * * * 'But I have not finished the five acts, but only three of them.'—Thou sayest well, but in life the three acts are the whole drama; for what shall be a complete drama is determined by Him who was once the cause of its composition, and now of its dissolution; but thou art the cause of neither. Depart, then, satisfied, for he also who releases thee is satisfied."

Browning says the like, by the similitude of a tune of which each note is

"Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest,"

without which there were no melody; and no note knows the tune which by entering and departing it helps.

Who is submissive and brave in one who trusts not in the moral law and knows not the majesty and power of moral force? For nothing is worthy of submission but the sovereignty of the good and the true. Therefore has my friend a fine sense of invisible moral forces. It covers with wise reflection his use of time, for he says:

"To-day ends the first month of this year. One-twelfth gone! How serious things seem if we stop to ponder how fast the time speeds away! Things not done at the appointed moment of opportunity granted cannot be exactly the same if done afterward, because then they are robbing some other thing of its time; and thieving does not prosper."

Here is the philosophy of the parable of the ninety and nine sheep; for all together they could not make up for the one that strayed; yet more valuable by ninety-nine times. But each person and exigency has

its end and place, so that there is not time nor power to make up for any other, and creation is at a stand by so much till the strayed creature return. But how, indeed, shall a strayed hour be caught? My friend writes again of the present moment thus:

"There are many things that I would have had different and could have made different if acting in the present light; but one cannot act over again for the past out of present knowledge. The truth simply is, that we must act right for the moment we are in, and not for some other time yet to arrive. I fear the thought of the future must often embarrass an honest simple conduct."

Whoso knows that the moral forces hold the universe (which Emerson has written thus, "Gravitation is identical with purity of heart"), never plumes himself on smartness or bows to mental brilliancy. My friend says:

"I feel so entrenched by the truth of facts, and so sure of my desire to correct any error of judgment, that I feel a biding sense that all light will be ready for each emergency. A great hidden power exists in daily considering each proposed act from the highest, purest, motive, and leaving it to its own result. Some people call it ability; but it is only obedience to a law far above human analysis."

And again,

"I feel a self-confidence; but never apart from me is the sense of fallibility, and my greatest fear is lest my friends have more confidence in me than I deserve or is good for me. I court all the while a criticism of myself and of my motive, and with simplicity of belief that there is no special smartness or endowment in what I do, but simply obedience to law such as this, that success comes to the toiler having a good motive

to prompt and faith to act. The interpretation of the word *success* is to be measured by the conditions peculiar to each person, not by the social law which means great accumulations or power."

"If this is to be as hard as the things past, I am ready to face it. I am almost learning to rejoice in defeat as well as in victory, as just as much a means of good. * * * I feel like welcoming some such balk as a discipline. I may have one to-morrow. I am bound away on matters of much concern; the issue may be favorable or unfavorable. Still, I go prepared to take either as the outcome of but one line of action—the right line."

This is like Emerson's vigorous "Adversity is the prosperity of the great:" of which speaking, William Salter says, "If this seems strained, yet we do not feel it so when we see some heroic man or woman bearing up under great ills with godlike equanimity and patience. O, friend, think not thyself off the track of destiny, because things are awry and fortune does not smile upon thee, and thou hast not, perhaps, a thing that thou cravest; think not that the World-Spirit has not any path marked out for thee to follow. The path of duty is still the predestined path; and, though it be no longer to do, but to bear, bear as bravely as thou wouldst do, and never was there better soldier of duty than thou."

Marcus Aurelius continually urges a two-fold condition of man, that his nature is rational and social; hence, impiety is a disregard of either part. So my friend, in his wisdom, neglects not to join the social part with the reign of the moral force; of which he writes thus:

"Have you heard how our friend A. is teaching and studying with his boy? The best part will be what the lad acquires from the companionship. He will realize it by and by; years hence it will be a sort of sudden revelation at some time, how much then at these intimate times went out from his father to him, silently, and became a part of him; nothing to talk about, describe or define, but which shows itself in action. I myself feel the influence of mind on mind, as a great silent power going on steadily when we are heedless and careless of it. And these careless moments being the most frequent, I fear the influence is often very bad. Not what has happened to myself to-day, but what has happened to others through me—that should be my thought."

To do good and know it not has been the theme of preacher and of poet. There is a deep philosophy of habit, that it is the supreme reward of virtue. This also, by confidence in moral force, has my friend the wisdom to see, writing thereof thus:

"I have discovered that wisdom of action generally is in proportion to the purity of motive, and if we stop first to consider the motive and whether it is all good or has evil parts, and purge it of the latter, judgment then is multiplied just so much in clearness. This is not a new idea, perhaps, but it has become more personal to me, and from a weak beginning now I want first to form the habit so to question motive, and then to lose the sense of will in invariable unconscious action."

It were strange if courage, faith, piety of waiting, humility of submission and trust in moral forces, led not my friend to a wise questioning of his understanding as well as of his conduct; and so indeed it is. He is not a scholar, nor would be called a thinker, that is, one who wrestles with reasonings of set purpose and from scientific interest. My friend is a man

plunged deep in exacting business, and wringing day by day from hard affairs gracious drops of reflection and of duty. But well it were if all scholars and philosophers knew, as does he, the worth of the mind's unharnessed motion joined with loving conference. Of this he writes :

"I have a habit when I leave my store homeward bound of bringing before me a summary of the day's doings, and I derive much from it, and not infrequently correct next morning any step which in the calmer moment seems incompletely or poorly taken. The panorama passes before my mind's eye, and one or two of the most important things linger without suggestion or attempt on my part to dwell on them specially; and there they will lie, neither disturbing nor harassing, but announcing themselves as present for examination. So in the silence of the journey I am still working out my questions,—very enjoyably, too. Then often next morning I go over my thoughts with a chosen friend, either to call out his or to provoke a criticism on my way, or to notice concurrent feelings."

Such is my friend, and such his letters that feed me. A rich possession! What vein of wealth is the like thereof, or what food of mind gives such strength? But am I alone with such blessedness? No; then I were ashamed to show it. I would flaunt no joy in eyes that lack it. I am persuaded, as in the beginning I have said, that the Post Office, which is the clearing-house of love, is effluent to all points with the like thoughts and feelings, as a sun sheds light spherically. But who is my friend? What, thou wouldst leave me no mystery? Read Browning's "House," and "At the Mermaid," which, though I like them not, surely string a truthful harp with

strong sinews. Love has its rights, life its privacies. Keep thine in thine own heart; but see that thou drinkest when a glass in thy closet stands full of bliss and of good for thee.

OF CHARACTER AS A WORK

WHAT part of the value of anything is the material of it, and what part the work wrought on the material, is a proof question always—proof sometimes of the article, sometimes of the asker or of the answerer. Some things are useful without labor, like air, water and natural foods, as berries, roots, esculent stems; but other edible things are useless unwrought, as quinces and the like in fruits; also, wheat, corn and other grains, unless they be made into bread. For although digestion perhaps may be trained to the raw wheat and other grain, yet these, unsifted and uncooked, give but coarse food, which supports but coarse mind and rude intelligence; so that it is the labor in food on which we thrive, which is the fine part of the food, and nourishes fine flesh in the body and fine quality in the soul. Some things which are needful are yet so useless in themselves that nearly all the value is the work in them. Such things are the metals, which in their ores lie gross and worthless, but which, evoked and wrought, flourish in value. It is said “a chain was manufactured at Woodstock

which weighed only two ounces and cost £70, being 163,600 times the value of the original iron from which it was made."

Now, this is to be seen, that the higher towards beauty grows the value, the more it is in the work and not in the material. For as in food for the body it is only satisfaction of hunger that is thought of, with cleanliness, so one loaf is like another, and, save for the natural bits of color, the pretty minglings of brown and white, no beauty is looked for. But in the bit of iron-work which was so rare, the beauty and delicacy were the worth. When the great products of beauty come forward, like glorious statues and glowing paintings, the value is all in the work, part of the work being the greatest of labors,—the efforts of thought and imagination. For the material is but a little stone which carts might trundle on, or a little cloth and color priced at a few pennies. But yet another step—wherewith we come to values which have no material at all, like dancing, singing, harmony of instruments, powers of language; herein all the value is the work.

Now, it is to be seen that character is such a value, which has no material at all, and the greatest of all such values; therefore, all the worth of it is the power of the work gone into it. It is as invisible as voice or harmony, as inaudible as dancing or gesture. Now is there any truth so great which is so much forgotten by men as that such a thing must have a work-worth or no worth? For what else do not men think, lay large plans, and toil to bring their devices to issue;

But, albeit character is the first of interests and good character the most shining of graces, who think, as with hammer and chisel or with pencil, to work at it that it may be wrought like ivory or fine metals? Take we not rather ourselves as we are, thinking that only if we keep clear of bad things and live in good neighborhoods, we may give attention, time and toil to other things, and good character will grow amain? But in truth it is to be wrought, being of that order in which the work is all the value. When character towers, somewhere there has been work; if not by us, then behind us; for when beauty is once wrought it goes by descent, like a strong body. But inheritance improves not on itself, and nature, which transmits, will not do everything for us in the transmitting, any more than in the first conquest. If we let go, it is certain the character will not refine; and soon it will grow wild, for all things have a gravity toward the unwrought state, from which they must be held up by the work which first lifted them, as the chain, whose work-worth was many times the substance-worth, would speedily be rusted to fragments or even to powder if left to the elements, as fine-fingered to destroy as the workman to compact. Truly, no doubt, if one have a good spirit from ancestors and be steady in some industry and keep from bad company, he will grow respectably. But I speak now of higher aims; also, besides, of the many (nay, who not?) who have besetting temptations and weak spots to look after. The grand sculptures in character, the mighty works in that marble, the strong figures of patience, gentle-

ness, long-suffering, will, the beauty of disciplined passion, the majesty of truthfulness—these things are works.

As if we were placed to lack no advantage, we take a new set-out every quarter century of hours. If one freshly would ask himself in the morning, What is the first aim for to-day? what could he answer but to make himself what he ought to be? If, answering so, he then would ask himself how the many things which he must do that day might be brought to help make him what he ought to be, and if then he would forelook to put aside all hindrances of the aim, and if he would plan and invent how he might quicken some virtue wherein he fails, and set his will to apply his device, and all this with the attention with which he contrives for his gains—then would he be at work on his character. It would be wrought to excellence, which is beauty; this is certain. Says an ancient scholar: "*Ora et iterum ora; veniet hora qua tibi dabitur;*" whereof the noble and fruitful interpretation is a common proverb: "*Qui laborat, orat*"—he prays who works. When Plutarch wished to learn patience, he set himself to go one day without showing displeasure; for surely, if he would, he could go one day without anger. Then when he could be always patient on any day when he would, he set himself two days; and so at length he overcame violence

The holy William Law enforces that even religion is no foreign sphere to labor; for even religious experience, not much to be exposed, spoken but in corners and in whispers, is to increase, as moral beauty does,

by diligent care and effort. For it is not only the hand or mind which habit and exercise made quick, but also feeling, and sense of beauty, with enjoyment thereof, by bringing the senses frequently into the presence of lovely things, and turning the mind to dwell on them to learn the source of their charm. Likewise devotion, wonder, worship, are wrought by thither turning our feet where hallowed associations gather, and our eyes toward the glories and mysteries in which we move, and our thoughts to thinking upon them. Says William Law:

“That is a strange infatuated state of negligence which keeps people from considering what devotion is. For if they did but once proceed so far as to reflect about it, or ask themselves any questions concerning it, they would soon see that the spirit of devotion was like any other sense or understanding that is only to be improved by study, care, application, and the use of such means and helps as are necessary to make man a proficient in any art or science.”

If character-working be a greater art than any other modeling, and make more glorious forms than the brush, it has also this special dignity, that all may be busy in it. Matters it much with what diversities of genius, strength or grace the struggle begins? No; the beauty and power wrought at last crown the toiler. Nay, even we shall see the ill-furnished and the ill-placed, with loads on their backs of ancestral weakness or misery, or chained to some bar or fenced in a little space, outstrip far the fortunate, free and prosperous, because they have wrought the better, though on stock which was poorer.

OF SUPERIORITY

SUPERIORITY commonly is thought a privilege. Privilege means private law,—that is, enactment for the special benefit of an individual,—which is odious. Now though superiority be privilege, yet also it is a necessity in nature's order; for, if no one ever rose above another, there could be no progress. But the harmlessness of superiority comes of union with sense of responsibility. That is to say, a superiority should seem to its possessor, not a boon to himself, but a bond of obligation to the world. The responsibilities are chiefly three:

First, to keep the good of the world in view, and to make our superiority tell for the whole. To do this very thing is a high privilege, as joy-giving as any; but it is a privilege which makes our eminence a boon to all as well as to ourselves; and this is the very obligation of superiority. Beautiful it is, in truth, that this duty done becomes the chief privilege of our advantage!

Secondly, we ought to act so much better than others, in all relations, as our superiorities are greater. In exigencies of life, in emergencies of sacrifice or peril or labor, in inequalities, enmities, jealousies, slights, in provocations of any kind, never can be settled the question who, by sheer justice, ought to step

forward in the emergency, meet the exigency, make reparation. It is, then, for the superior person to feel his superiority as a bond to lead in doing the right, wise, patient, elevated act. This rule not always easily is applied in great exigencies; but beautiful the peace and serene the virtue if always it were applied between friend and friend or the one or two comrades of the moment! If then, in any abuse or trouble or need, the superior would say to himself, I am the older, the richer, the wiser, the better educated, the stronger, the higher in position,—these advantages are marks of God that I am the one to dare, to bear, or to forbear,—what peace, what excellence would grow!

Thirdly, it is a responsibility of superiority not to show itself too much, and sometimes even to hide. This law has two parts: First, never ought we to flaunt our superiorities before the less endowed. La Rochefoucauld says, "It is a high degree of intelligence to know when not to display intelligence." So is it with any superiority. How high or grand soever the super-excellence, to manifest it for display is uncomely, and odious if before the less fortunate. But, secondly, we should keep our superiorities out of sight in proportion to the lowness of the plane of them. Of course, this means not that superiorities should be hidden altogether. A beautiful face need not be covered, and beautiful behavior cannot be; but, as no superior endowment should be flaunted, so none should be suffered carelessly to appear in too great or painful contrast. And this care must be

taken specially as to superiorities less excellent in kind, because it is in these that the pain of deficiency or the greater pang of envy most is caused. We may make three chief groups of superiorities. The highest is moral or spiritual. This will, and ought to, appear simply. But none envy it. All may emulate it, all may rise to it, all will adore it. Next is mental superiority. Herein, by so much as there is descent from the moral plane, care is needed. It is ruthless to show off wit or knowledge in some companies. It is nobler and very often kinder to let persons search in us for our accomplishment before it be found. Finally, the lowest superiority is material,—attractions of appearance, face, figure, wealth, position. Now, in these we should study to avoid comparison. It is brutal selfishness willingly to force a contrast between our comforts, affluence, pleasures, beauty, and our neighbors' privations, penury, deformity. Many modes of living are blameworthy offenses against this simple law, how fine, delicate and gentle soever they seem.

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